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The Coup that Killed JFK: Fifty Years Later

by Gordon Pollard

Like most people of my generation, I remember clearly where I was on November 22nd, 1963, when I learned that President John F. Kennedy had been assassinated while riding in a motorcade in Dallas, Texas. I was a 19-year-old student about to walk into a Geography lecture at the fledgling University of Victoria.

I also remember clearly how shocked I felt at that moment and for many days thereafter. But I had no way of knowing, of course, at that time that what had occurred was not just a horrific assassination but a coup d'état that would change the course of world history and have repercussions for decades to come.

full article starts on page 4 ...

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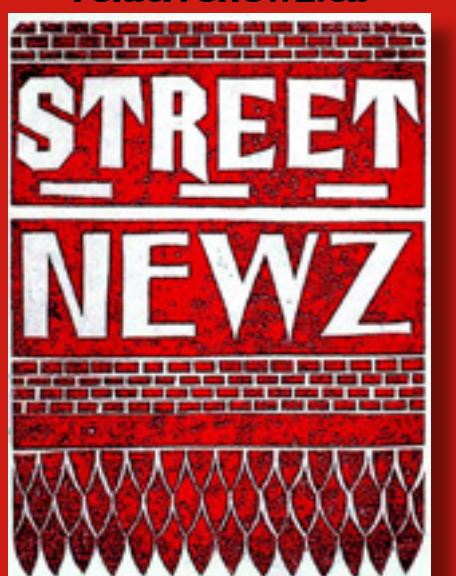
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just another rant

janinebandcroft.blogspot.com

Whenever I explore a forest that's new to me I look for markers (ie, a culturally modified cedar or a weird shaped arbutus tree) and draw a map of the trails in my head. It's a fun process, especially in a small forest where I can't get too lost. I spent a month on Piers Island with my doggie client friend, Harley, doing precisely that. Harley enjoys it too, he follows me down whatever paths I choose. The day I realized that I knew precisely where I was at each big path intersection, I felt a bit sad that my relationship with the forest was shifting. The unfamiliar was now familiar. I had conquered the big forest trails. But I felt confident we had established a solid foundation, and we began to explore the smaller deer trails.

I began thinking how this forest exploration process is similar to what goes on in my brain when I receive new information. For example when I hear the stories from residential school survivors I watch what happens at my brain's pathway intersections as I compare what I thought was real, with what I learn to be true. This can be challenging. People who are new to big scary information can easily become lost, confused, afraid. They may choose to return to the safety of their well trodden pathway, in this case the "official story" of heroic colonizers who tamed the wilderness and saved savage souls, bringing democracy and order to their anarchistic ways. For others, who've begun to accept that their old, familiar pathways are grounded in a big deceptive lie, new information adds to other information and builds stronger and more reliable pathways that contribute to a much more dependable map.

When I see a culturally modified tree, or a beach full of clam shells, I know I'm in a place that was important, perhaps sacred, for indigenous people. A place that was stolen from them, perhaps a place they can no longer return to. Because their villages were, with the occasional exception like at Haida Gwaii, destroyed by colonialists, we white settlers don't really know whether these places we find were part of a fixed community, or a seasonal harvesting site.

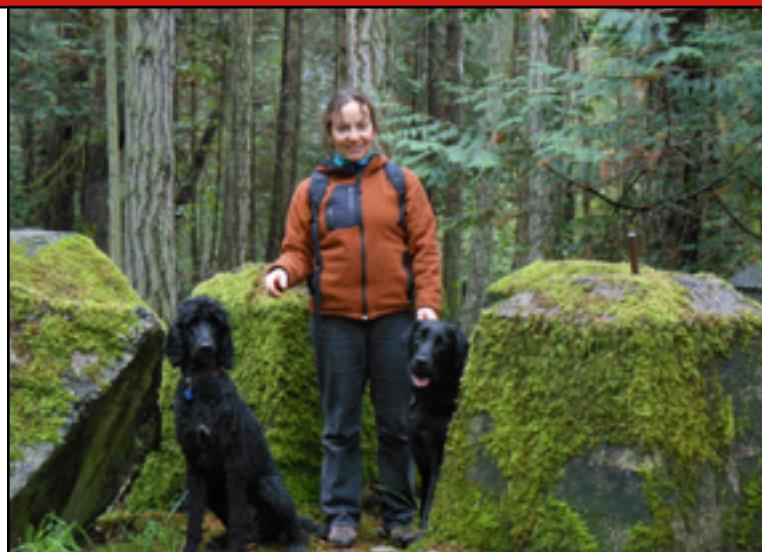
In his article "Ethnic Cleansing, Canadian Style," Andrew Woolford reveals that Winnipeg's new Canadian Museum for Human Rights (which some say was built on top of native bones after an archeological excavation was denied) refuses to refer to settler colonialism in this country as genocide although some, including Grand Chief of the Assembly of First Nations Phil Fontaine, have asked Ottawa to "recognize Canada as the sixth official genocide, alongside the Holocaust, Srebrenica, the Armenian genocide, the Rwandan genocide and the Holodomor."¹

Add to this new information pathway the frightening history of religious persecution that I learned about while on Piers Island, and you might begin to understand why some of us don't choose to celebrate "Canada" with nationalistic pride.

One day Harley and I found some mysterious moss covered cement blocks in the forest. One of the residents told me "those are from the water tower that supplied the concentration camp." Intrigued, and unafraid to explore this new information pathway that fits with my already established understanding that much of what I ever learned in school is a big fat pile of colonialist propaganda, I began my research.

While at the little island library I met the two women residents who caringly organize its impressive collection. One is a self described "red diaper baby," born into a family of labour activists that spans back generations. They were both happy to receive copies of *Street Newz*, and help with my research. They directed me to [Piers Island: a brief history of the island and its people, 1886-1993](#) by A. Harold Skolrood who has offered a "not wholly unsympathetic account of the internment of the Sons of Freedom" on the island.² It's worth noting that Harold's chronology of Piers Island begins circa 1857 when the H.M.S. Satellite arrived in the Gulf Islands with Navy Surgeon Dr. Henry Piers on board (see previous note about the erasure of indigenous culture).

According to the Sons of Freedom Doukhobors website, in 1899 approximately 8,000 Doukhobors settled in Canada hoping to pursue "a higher level of spiritual life."³ They had hoped to find the Promised Land, but "their concepts of pacifism, animal rights and anti-materialism" were difficult to maintain after leaving their pre-industrial, rural lifestyles. They split into three factions, the most active (and famous) were the 'Sons of Freedom' who had, according to one source, a "millennial zeal" that



"manifested itself in now-legendary nude marches and acts of violence that ran counter to their fundamental tenet of non-violence."³ Other sources suggest the nudity was an effort to "protest the materialist tendencies of society" and recreate the perfection of Adam and Eve, claiming "human skin, as God's creation, was more perfect than clothes, the imperfect work of human hands."⁴ They were also upset at the compulsory education of their children (and subsequent dismantling of their culture) in the government school system.⁵

Doukhobors were/are generally described as "religious fanatics." I sometimes identify as a Quaker and know that they (the Religious Society of Friends) were persecuted in England for their "fanatical" belief that the "holy spirit" is a quiet voice that dwells within each individual, rendering the need for pastors and books and churches moot. Quakers who'd escaped to Canada then helped liberate the Doukhobors when they refused military service forced on them by a tyrannical and oppressive Czarist Russian Government. "They also rejected the Russian Orthodox priests, icons, and all associated church ritual. They came to believe that the Bible alone, as a supreme source, was not enough to reach divine revelation, and that doctrinal conflicts can actually interfere with their faith. Their goal was to internalize the living spirit of God so that God's spirit would be revealed within each individual."⁵ Thereafter, labelled fanatics.

Colonialist government authorities imprisoned the Sons of Freedom, and when they ran out of prison space on the mainland they built special cells for them on Piers Island.

My new library friends shared stories about meeting modern-day Doukhobors, including the Victoria Doukhobor Choir, who'd been invited to the island in a gesture of reconciliation. They learned that the women who were imprisoned here would sing so loudly and mournfully to the children who'd been taken from them that those voices could be heard as far away as Sidney.

It's difficult to believe that such horrible things have happened right here, so close to home. When we study history we often hear the loud voices of the conquerors, but if we care to listen carefully, we can also find pathways to the stories of the vanquished.

In memory of Cecil Planedin who designed and carved our beautiful wood block Street Newz logo in traditional Doukhobor style.

Sources and Information:



1. Ethnic Cleansing, Canadian Style: reviewcanada.ca/magazine/2013/10/ethnic-cleansing-canadian-style
2. Doukhobor Website, which includes Skolrood's research: www.doukhobor.org/Piers.htm
3. Sons of Freedom Doukhobors: sonsdoukhobors.tripod.com
4. Columbia Basin Institute: www.basininstitute.org/search/details.html?id=4152#.Uk2olhbR3zI
5. Wikipedia: <https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Doukhobors>
6. For a direct account of Doukhobor history try *Negotiated Memory: Doukhobor Autobiographical Discourse*, by Julie Rak

Photos: at top - concrete foundation for the prison water tower taken with my German/Canadian friend Sibylle and Harley's new friend Luc. At left, a shell midden at Piers Island's "Indian Point.

Janine Bandcroft founded Street Newz in 2004, and has learned that a good response to people wanting to talk about "the holocaust" is to ask "which holocaust?"

News from the Sacred Headwaters and the Proposed Site C Dam

by Don Startin

Cautionary note from Klabona, we have won an important battle in the fight to preserve the Sacred Headwaters, but the enemy has vowed to return. So, keep last issue's list of winter kit, and add one pair of felt lined mukluks with rubber soles and oiled [faux] leather uppers. "Fuss warm alles warm," as they say in Germany. Also, if you are thinking of going summer camping, try to take a pair of warmup pants. They are most comforting during cold summer evenings. Likewise, a sou'wester and construction weight raingear together with a pair of robust work gloves could well be invaluable if you are called to turn out to support the Tahltan again.

Congratulations to our sisters and brothers of the Tahltan First Nation for successfully forcing Fortune Minerals to abandon preparatory work on their Arctos Anthracite Project, also to all who turned out to support them. Two volunteers from our Forest Action Network went up to help out at Beauty Camp [the protest camp], but they haven't yet returned.

We look forward to hearing their stories. I was able to telephone two people who have actually been there. They report that Fortune Minerals have left. Sadly their CEO said they'd be back, and we have to remember that with bad weather on the way Fortune would have had to cease operations anyway.

They also reported that a Fortune drill rig polluted a stream with drill detritus while they were drilling. It is my understanding that test drills use water to lubricate the drill core drill bits as they drill.

One of the volunteers from the Skeena Watershed Conservation Coalition reported finding two obsidian flintknapping flakes at the site of the Tahltan hunting camp area, which certainly authenticates that the area has been in use since pre contact times.

The BC Minister of Mines went up to Beauty Camp to mediate with the Tahltan, but I reckon he got a pretty brusque message because his office had no press release on his visit when I phoned. I also heard the Fortune Minerals CEO speak on the CBC. He blustered, but appeared not to know what he's talking about. Sadly, I can't lay my hands on a map of Mount Klappan, however his claim that Mount Klappan is not in the watershed of the Stikine, the Nass, and the Skeena Rivers does not ring true. Many small streams flow off the mountain in all directions, and the minesite is on the old BC rail grade. The grade follows the Klappan River which flows into the Stikine.

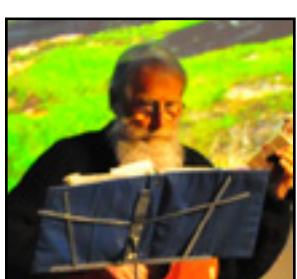
When he claimed that many Tahltan favour the mine he may be on firmer ground. There are many mines south of Iskut, and some of them are serviced by a contracting company run by and employing many Tahltan people. The Arctos project would provide lots of work for them. Until today I have refrained from commenting on this aspect of the issue.

So, we hunker down for the winter and stand by for action in spring

Site C Dam Update

We can't be sure when the final environmental assessment details will be released, but just in case there's a reader out there who doesn't have access to a computer and needs a succinct list of reasons why the dam should not be built here goes:

1. Loss of 7000 acres of class one and two farmland in a unique miniclimate.
2. Loss of critical wildlife habitat in the Yukon to Yellowstone migration corridor. Plus critical habitat for local wildlife.
3. Loss of First Nations traditional use land, archeological and historic sites.
4. Loss of the carbon sink formed by the Valley bottom forests.
5. Loss of the beautiful valley and river for tourism and recreation.
6. Hydro is broke. They can't afford to borrow any more money.
7. It is irresponsible ecocidal madness to build a hydroelectric plant to supply power to process LNG (liquid natural gas fracking) which will contribute to global warming.



Don Startin is an activist and gardener, an ex-military man who currently lives a life of simplicity with his wife in Victoria, B.C.

Stay connected to native news at the Aboriginal Peoples' Television Network - APTN.ca.



It Just Doesn't Compute. Or Does It?

by Betty Krawczyk

At the moment The US is being held hostage by the Republican Tea Party, proving that a small committed group of people (20-30-60) can indeed change the world. For the worse. And they don't even have to be intelligent. From listening to a few of these US Congress people of the Tea Party who have managed to partially shut down the US government, i.e. Ted Cruz, Michelle Bachmann and Marco Rubio, I get this eerie feeling that they don't even live in this world.

For them there has been no such thing as social evolution. The Tea Party lives back in the glorious pre and early post-American Revolutionary times, when there was only a smattering of government, and only wealthy people (landowners, male, white) controlled it. But there was a role for dirt farmers, too, they were part of a militia if needed, and the dirt farmers treasured their guns to fend off freed slaves, Indians, roaming Yankees and all manners of landless riff raff who were out to steal their livestock and women. The Tea Partiers to this day, both the wealthy ones and the not so wealthy ones, all love their guns and carry around the same egocentric fears and demands of an idealized revolutionary historic time in America.

In my opinion, the Tea Partiers are pathetic. And dangerous. They are much like the radical Islamists in their zeal. They would see the whole world go up in flames to try to recreate those times they fancy existed before government grew big with social programs that were created by more humane leaders to keep less well-heeled people from starving to death in the streets. The Tea Party fundamentally opposes the concept of equality. Yet, many of the Tea Party people are very wealthy themselves and well educated. It just doesn't compute. Or does it?

Enter US Senator Elizabeth Warren. Her take on the seemingly irrational fears and determination of this group of people to prevent American people from having adequate health care (Obamacare) [is that it] doesn't make sense because it isn't sensible. It's religious. And it's all about women's right to reproductive health care; not only to abortion, but to birth control. The Tea Party people intend to do what their god wants them to do. The Bible says so. Or these fundamentalist says it does. So what is Sen. Warren's take on the matter? Her words on the floor of the US Senate (30/9/2013) :

"With millions of people still out of work...with students and families crushed by student loan debt, with millions of seniors denied one hot meal a day with Meals on Wheels and millions of little children pushed out of Head Start because of a sequester that is dragging down the middle class, with the country hours away from a government shutdown...the Republicans have decided the single most important issue facing our nation is to change the law (Obamacare) so that employers can deny women access to birth control coverage. In fact, letting employers decide whether women can get birth control covered on their insurance plan is SO important that the Republicans are willing to shutter the government and potentially tank the economy..."

Sounds crazy? That's because it is. This kind of religion, whether Christian or Muslim, impedes the progress of the human race. In my opinion the only hope we have of getting to a better place is to ditch religion altogether and concentrate on the spiritual which is where we are when we meet each other as equals in humanity. And perhaps Sen. Elizabeth Warren will run for president in the next US election. And in Canada? I wish Quebec Premier Pauline Marois could run outside Quebec. I would certainly vote for her.

Betty Shiver Krawczyk is a Louisiana born, BC based environmental activist, eco-feminist writer, great-grandmother, author and former political candidate. Read more from Betty at bettysearleyedition.blogspot.com and www.schiverrhodespublishing.com.



How to Radically Transform Government ... Venezuelan Style

by Janine Bandcroft

Big centralized power authorities are distant, undemocratic, often unaccountable and corrupt. How can we re-establish the basic tenets of democracy and redistribute power and authority back to the people?

The US is offering an example of what happens when radical, wealthy, free-market individualists shut down the government without any alternative plan to protect individuals and communities. Their vision isn't to redistribute power and create a more democratic state, it's to further concentrate power in the hands of a select few. If we dare look beyond our closest southern neighbour and their consistently horrible examples of how not to do things, we find Venezuela hatching a plan for democracy that they've had in the works for several years.

Inspired by the late Hugo Chavez, Communes are evolving to replace government bureaucracies.

Venezuela Analysis reports: "*Communes are organisations made up of a number of communal councils. Self-managed bodies, they are a way for communities to organise to solve their own problems and implement local socio-productive projects.*" Local, communally owned and managed organizations have been established to work alongside government agencies and, when the time is ripe, a transition will be made away from government and over to locally run Communes or Cooperatives.

Venezuelan President Nicolás Maduro, President of the Bolivarian Republic of Venezuela, recently announced at a meeting in Caracas, that "the commune has to be the new economic power." He called to restructure and rename the *Ministry for Communes and Social Protection* as the *Ministry for Communes and Social Movements*, and has asked vice president Jorge Arreaza to organize existing communes into a "political, ideological, and organizational vanguard." Nearly 200 new communal projects to produce food, textiles, and process aluminum and other goods are currently being evaluated, and Maduro also wants to set up more communal banks to strengthen the communal financial system.

Over 40,000 communal councils, 1,500 communes, 1,400 social organization halls and 28,000 social movements took part in the 2013 Communal Census. "This is a legacy of the people's power [for] social organization, it is the true power in the country, an organized people fighting for its rights ... the Commune has to be the new economic power," President Maduro said.

Sources:

Venezuela Analysis: venezuelanalysis.com/news/9975

Embassy of the Bolivarian Republic of Venezuela: venezuela-us.org/2013/09/19/2013-communal-census-beat-government-expectations

Audio from 2012 visit of Consul General of the Bolivarian Republic of Venezuela Merli Vanegas: janinebandcroft.wordpress.com/?s=venezuela



The Coup that Killed JFK: Fifty Years Later

(first of three parts)

by Gordon Pollard

Like most people of my generation, I remember clearly where I was on November 22nd, 1963, when I learned that President John F. Kennedy had been assassinated while riding in a motorcade in Dallas, Texas. I was a 19-year-old student about to walk into a Geography lecture at the fledgling University of Victoria.

I also remember clearly how shocked I felt at that moment and for many days thereafter. But I had no way of knowing, of course, at that time that what had occurred was not just a horrific assassination but a coup d'état that would change the course of world history and have repercussions for decades to come.

Nonetheless, as a young History student I was fascinated by the dramatic events in Dallas and I was very lucky to have a wonderful History Professor at UVic, Dr. George Shelton, who not only shared my interest in the assassination but also shared my suspicion that there was, as George often observed, "something very fishy" about the official story that Kennedy had been killed by "a lone isolated nut" named Lee Harvey Oswald.

I was also fortunate enough to be able to make a brief trip to Dallas and personally examine the assassination site with some help from the legendary Vancouver broadcaster and television news producer Al Clapp, who was also keenly interested in the JFK murder.

In addition, to this day I remain very grateful to the pioneer staff at UVic's McPherson Library who not only ordered a copy of the Warren Commission Report on the assassination as soon as it came out in 1964 but also acquired the entire 26-volume set of the commission's hearings and exhibits. That provided an invaluable opportunity, in those pre-internet days, for George Shelton and me to spend many hours researching the assassination.

All these years later, with the massive amount of information that has now come to light about the JFK murder, I'm sure that if George were still alive, he would be flashing a big smile and musing: "We were right. There was, indeed, something very fishy about the story of Oswald killing Kennedy."

Obviously the assassination of John Kennedy is a very complex story and we can't possibly cover all aspects of it in this article. But what we can do in this edition of *Street Newz* and the December and January issues is present some of the main points.

This month, we will look at what really happened in Dallas that day. Next month we will look at the unholy alliance of Kennedy's enemies who conspired to kill him and why they wanted him dead. And in January we will look at how the lies and deceptions in the JFK murder and cover-up have served as a template for other assassinations and frauds, and we will focus on the murders of Senator Robert Kennedy and civil rights leader Dr. Martin Luther King in 1968.

So let's now begin looking at some of the main points about what really happened in Dallas, Texas, on that dreadful day half a century ago.

• According to Dr. Charles Crenshaw, one of the surgeons who tried to save President Kennedy's life when he was rushed to Parkland Hospital, two of the wounds on Kennedy's body clearly showed that he had been shot from in front of the presidential limousine -- not by a lone gunman firing from behind the limousine as officially claimed. What happened that day at Parkland Hospital in Dallas and later during Kennedy's autopsy at Bethesda Naval Hospital in Maryland is one of the most shocking stories in all of American history.

Of the hundreds of books about the JFK murder that have come out over the years, perhaps the most important and most revealing was the one written in 1992 by Dr. Charles Crenshaw, which provides a stunning account of what really happened at Parkland Hospital that historic weekend when he and his colleagues worked on the bullet-riddled bodies of both John Kennedy and the alleged assassin Lee Harvey Oswald.

DEDICATION

This article is dedicated to the memory of all those who have lost their lives pursuing the truth about the assassinations of John Kennedy, Robert Kennedy and Dr. Martin Luther King. And special thanks to my friend and long-ago UVic classmate Bjorn Stavrum for all his kind help with this article.

In his book, *JFK: Conspiracy of Silence*, Crenshaw takes readers on a riveting hour-by-hour visit to Parkland's trauma room and we watch as Crenshaw and his eight colleagues discover wounds on Kennedy's head and throat that were clearly caused by shots from in front of the limousine, later as federal agents whisk the dead president's body out of the hospital at gunpoint preventing Parkland pathologist Dr. Earl Rose from carrying out an honest, independent autopsy, and, most astonishingly, as Crenshaw is called to the telephone while working on the dying Lee Harvey Oswald and finds none other than the newly installed President Lyndon Johnson on the line demanding that the surgeons try to extract a deathbed confession from Oswald.

Summarizing his thoughts about the JFK murder with the perspective of 30 years, Crenshaw was shockingly blunt: "It is clear that people within our government, in concert with the 'silverfish' of our society, murdered the President of the United States. It was a coup d'état -- no better than a thirty-second revolution in a third-rate country ... The government's lone-gunner story is a preposterous lie, and the Warren Commission Report is a fable -- an insult to the intelligence of the American people."

Not surprisingly, no sooner had Crenshaw made his startling revelations than he was viciously attacked as a traitor, a liar, a money-grubbing scoundrel etc. by most of those involved in the long "conspiracy of silence", but friends and colleagues who knew him best say Crenshaw was a man of impeccable integrity, and his courageous book disclosing what really happened at Parkland Hospital is one of the most important historical documents of the twentieth century.

As for the autopsy carried out on Kennedy's body on the evening of November 22nd at a naval hospital in Bethesda, Maryland, it was nothing short of a travesty. The operating room was packed with senior military and intelligence officials who literally told Chief Surgeon Dr. James Humes and his colleagues what they "should see" and what they "should not see."

Consequently, the wound in Kennedy's throat that had been described as "an entrance wound" by 21 witnesses at the hospital in Dallas magically turned into "an exit wound" at Bethesda. And, even more astonishingly, part of Kennedy's head that had been blasted off in Dallas magically "reappeared" at Bethesda -- and also later in the obviously bogus official autopsy photographs and x-rays.

One young autopsy assistant, James Jenkins, was so appalled by what he observed that night that he later stated: "All at once I understood my country was not much better than a third world country. From that point on, I had no trust, no respect at all, for the government."

Most tragically, the senior medical photographer, Lieutenant Commander William Pitzer, who took pictures of the autopsy and tried for the next three years to protest through official channels about the charade he had observed that night, was found shot to death in a laboratory on the evening of October 29th, 1966, with a revolver close to his body.

Pitzer's death was officially declared "a suicide" but his wife Joyce and most of his family believed that he had been murdered -- and their suspicions were confirmed almost 30 years later, in April, 1993, with the shocking revelation by a retired Special Forces Officer, Daniel Marvin, that he had been asked by the head of a CIA black ops unit in Fort Bragg, North Carolina to kill Pitzer. Marvin said that while he refused the request, he had no doubt that some other "hitman" had done the job.

For more information about how CIA black ops specialists plotted to kill William Pitzer and others, see Daniel Marvin's astonishingly frank memoir, *Expendable Elite: One Soldier's Journey into Covert Warfare*. And for more details about how the autopsy fraud was carried out and how the official autopsy photos and x-rays were faked, see *Without Smoking Gun: Was the Death of Lieutenant Commander William B. Pitzer Part of the JFK*

Assassination Cover-Up? by Kent Heiner, Best Evidence: Disguise and Deception in the Assassination of John F. Kennedy by David S. Lifton, Murder in Dealey Plaza: What We Know Now That We Didn't Know Then About the Death of JFK by James H. Fetzer and Post Mortem: JFK Assassination Cover-up Smashed by Harold Weisberg.

• *The official story that John Kennedy was killed by a "lone isolated nut" named Lee Harvey Oswald shooting from behind the presidential limousine is pure fiction. The evidence shows that there were actually three snipers: two behind the limousine and one in front. The fatal shot that blasted off part of Kennedy's head was fired from in front and to the right of the limousine by a gunman standing behind a picket fence at the top of a grassy incline that has become popularly known as "the grassy knoll".*

I remember during my visit to Dallas that when I first walked into Dealey Plaza, I was immediately struck by how perfect a site it was for carrying out an assassination. The plaza had "ambush" written all over it. There was probably not a better location anywhere in the United States for three snipers to carry out a classic "triangulation of fire" assassination -- and that was indeed the type of operation used to murder John Kennedy.

During a span of slightly less than six seconds, four shots were fired by three gunmen: one in front of Kennedy shooting from the grassy knoll, a second behind Kennedy firing from an upper-storey window of the Texas School Book Depository building and a third, also behind Kennedy, firing from the roof of the Dal-Tex building on Houston Street. Contrary to the official lie that has been repeated a gazillion times and drummed into people's brains over the past fifty years, none of these shots were fired by Lee Harvey Oswald, who was downstairs in the depository building at the time of the shooting.

Kennedy was struck three times in the crossfire. One bullet fired from in front hit him in the throat; a second bullet fired from behind him hit him in the back, and a third bullet fired from in front was the fatal shot that hit him in the head.

While there have been many good books over the years describing how the shooting was carried out, the work that has become generally recognized as the "classic" account of the triangulation of gunfire in Dealey Plaza is Six Seconds in Dallas, which was written just four years after the assassination by Josiah Thompson. This book examines all of the available evidence in painstaking detail to reconstruct the trajectories of the shots.

As Thompson notes in his book, for anyone wishing to discover the truth about what really happened in Dealey Plaza, the most important single piece of evidence is 27 seconds of eight-millimetre film taken by a witness named Abraham Zapruder, which shows the presidential limousine during the entire sequence of the shooting as it moves along Elm Street.

Indeed, probably no evidence in history has ever been more important than the Zapruder film and certainly no evidence in history has ever been more blatantly and shamelessly distorted by government officials and the media to try to deceive the public.

The original unedited Zapruder film shows Kennedy's head being thrust violently backward after it is hit by a bullet from in front of the limousine. But this evidence, of course, not only doesn't support the official story about a single gunman firing from behind, it clearly disproves it.

Not surprisingly therefore the U.S. authorities refused to allow the original Zapruder film to be shown on television and waged an intensive disinformation campaign, telling people this film actually supported its claim about a lone sniper shooting from behind.

The highlight (or lowlight) of this disinformation campaign was the infamous October 2nd, 1964 edition of *Life* magazine in which key frames from the Zapruder film were presented in the wrong order to give readers the false

impression that the fatal bullet hit Kennedy from behind.

Astonishingly, it was not until more than a decade after the assassination -- on March 6th, 1975 -- that the original, unedited Zapruder film was finally shown on national television in the United States, on the *Geraldo Rivera Show* on ABC, and millions of Americans were shocked to see that the film provides incontrovertible evidence Kennedy was hit in the head by a bullet fired from in front of the limousine.

Actually, it had been immediately apparent to practically everyone watching the motorcade in Dealey Plaza that day that there had been more than one gunman firing and that some of the shots had come from the grassy knoll area.

For example, one of the key witnesses, a young teacher named Jean Hill who was standing a few feet from the presidential limousine when the shots were fired, said: "We all knew right away that the story we were being told about a single gunman was a big lie. There were obviously shots from more than one direction and some of them definitely came from the grassy knoll."

Despite being viciously vilified and constantly harassed by the authorities, Hill steadfastly refused to go along with the official story, saying she felt she had a responsibility to her students to set a good example by telling the truth regardless of the consequences. In 1978 she wrote a very perceptive book, *JFK: The Last Dissenting Witness*, giving her reflections on the assassination and its consequences.

Hill's observations were corroborated by many other witnesses, including Mary Woodward, who was standing at the base of the grassy knoll when the shots were fired, and heard "a horrible, ear-splitting noise coming from behind me."

Seven men who were watching from an overpass in front of the limousine (Walter Winborn, Thomas Murphy, Clemon Johnson, S.M. Holland, Austin Miller, James Simmons and Richard Dodd) all said that they saw a "puff of smoke" come out through the trees on the grassy knoll when the shots were fired.

And a Dallas police patrolman, J.M. Smith, who had been standing in front of the Texas School Book Depository Building, thought the shots had come from the knoll, so he immediately ran to that area and said he "caught the smell of gunpowder in the air."

But of all the witnesses in Dealey Plaza that day, the most important was a man named Lee Bowers Jr. who had a unique vantage point since he happened to be working in a railroad tower in the area behind the grassy knoll. Bowers said he saw two suspicious-looking men behind the picket fence at the top of the knoll just before the assassination and also saw what appeared to be "a flash of light and some smoke" through the trees on the knoll when the shots rang out.

Bowers was absolutely convinced some shots were fired from the knoll and, to the dismay of the authorities, he persisted in expressing that view -- at least he did until August 9th, 1966, when he died in a very strange car crash. According to police, Bowers had an "unfortunate accident" while driving on the outskirts of Dallas. His car supposedly went out of control, smashing into a bridge abutment and killing him instantly.

Bowers was one of dozens of key witnesses and figures closely linked to the JFK murder who have died under mysterious

circumstances. Another, as we've already seen, was the official autopsy photographer William Pitzer.

A detailed account of many of these strange deaths can be found in a series of paperback books, entitled *Forgive My Grief*, written by a Texas weekly newspaper editor named Penn Jones Jr. I was lucky enough to meet Jones when I visited the Dallas area in 1967, and I remember when we chatted on the veranda of his ranch-house at Midlothian, Texas, that long-ago April evening, he told me he was "just a little country newspaper editor".

But, unlike so many others in much larger and more powerful news organizations, Jones believed every journalist has a sacred duty to pursue the truth -- and he never wavered in doing that, even when he received numerous death threats and his home was firebombed.

One of my most indelible and treasured memories in my 69 years on this planet was watching Penn Jones Jr. wave his fist that night as we talked over drinks at Midlothian and angrily declare "I'll tell you one thing, Gordon: I'll never yield one inch to these bastards. I'll chase after them until the day I die. And if they kill me, then so be it".

Jones had an amazingly varied career, roaming across America as a hobo during the Great Depression and later serving as an officer in the U.S. army during the Second World War before becoming the fearless editor of a crusading little liberal newspaper in the heart of right-wing Texas. He was a wonderful remarkable man.

Though Jones died 15 years ago, I'm sure if he were still alive, he would be thrilled with the brilliant new book, *Hit List*, published earlier this year, which follows up on Jones's pioneer research with an in-depth investigation into many of the mysterious deaths linked to the JFK assassination.

Co-authors Richard Belzer and David Wayne point out, for example, that: "Just in the three-year period immediately following the murder of John Kennedy, 18 material witnesses died: six by gunfire, three in motor vehicle accidents, two by suicide, one from a cut throat, one from a karate chop to the neck, three from heart attacks and two from natural causes. An actuary engaged by the *London Times* calculated the probability that these 18 witnesses would die of any cause within three years of the JFK assassination as one in 100,000 trillion".

As for the identity of the person who leaned on the picket fence at the top of the grassy knoll that fateful day and fired the shot that killed Kennedy, that still remains a mystery, though there has been much speculation over the years focusing largely on the most notorious Mafia hitman of that era, Charles "Chucky" Nicoletti who was reputed to have carried out more than 20 successful "hits" and was widely known in gangster circles as "the guy who never missed his man".

But if it was Nicoletti who fired the bullet into John Kennedy's brain, there is a grim but quite fitting irony in the fact that Nicoletti himself died on May 29th, 1977, in Northlake, Illinois, when he was sitting in his car and three bullets were suddenly drilled into the back of his head.

Other members of the sniper team in Dealey Plaza that day may have included another deadly gangland terminator named Chauncey Holt who had links to the CIA as well as organized crime, a couple of legendary assassins with the Corsican Mafia

named Jean Souetre and Michael Mertz, and a pair of notorious have-gun-will-murder anti-Castro Cuban exile brothers, Guillermo and Ignacio Novo.

In the big picture, however, it doesn't really matter much who the gunmen in Dealey Plaza were since they were obviously just relatively minor players in a huge, complex drama that was produced and directed by powerful forces inside and outside the U.S. government.

More information about the shooting in Dealey Plaza can be found in many books, including: *The Killing of a President: The Complete Photographic Record of the JFK Assassination, the Conspiracy and the Cover-Up* by Robert J. Groden, *The Great Zapruder Film Hoax: Deceit and Deception in the Death of JFK* by James H. Fetzer, *Crossfire: The Plot That Killed Kennedy* by Jim Marrs, *Cover-up: The Governmental Conspiracy to Conceal the Facts about the Public Execution of John Kennedy* by J. Gary Shaw and *Crime of the Century: The Kennedy Assassination from a Historian's Perspective* by Michael L. Kurtz.

• *Contrary to the official claim that Lee Harvey Oswald killed President Kennedy by firing three shots from a sixth-floor window of the Texas School Book Depository Building, Oswald was actually nothing more than a decoy and unwitting patsy, and he didn't fire a single shot in Dallas that day. The official story that Oswald carried out the murder by firing a "magic bullet" from a "magic rifle" is utter nonsense.*

Fifty-two minutes after Kennedy was murdered, a rifle was found on the sixth floor of the Texas School Book Depository Building by three policemen: Deputy Constable Seymour Weitzman, Deputy Sheriff Eugene Boone and Deputy Sheriff Luke Mooney. All three men described the weapon as a 7.65-millimetre German Mauser.

Weitzman even filled out a formal affidavit in which he declared the weapon he discovered was a "7.65 Mauser bolt-action equipped with a 4/18 scope, and a thick leather brownish-black sling on it."

Captain J. Will Fritz and Lieutenant J. C. Day of the Dallas police then examined the rifle and they also described it as a 7.65 German Mauser.

The weapon was turned over to Dallas District Attorney Henry Wade who held a news conference at which he too described it as a 7.65 German Mauser, so news media all over the world began reporting a 7.65 German Mauser had been found in the Texas School Book Depository Building. Later that day, however, the alleged murder weapon underwent a remarkable transformation and law enforcement officials in Dallas suddenly stopped describing it as a 7.65 German Mauser and started calling it a 6.5 millimetre Italian Mannlicher-Carcano. By the strangest of coincidences, the newly-described weapon was the type of rifle owned by Lee Harvey Oswald.

To this day there has been no credible explanation as to how everyone could have been so astonishingly mistaken in their initial identification of the weapon, especially since Oswald's rifle had "MADE IN ITALY" and "6.5" stamped on it in large letters and numerals.

In any case, even if we accept that the Mannlicher-Carcano was the weapon found at the murder scene, that "magic rifle" couldn't possibly have produced all the shots fired in Dealey Plaza -- at least not without the help of a "magic bullet".

The Warren Commission acknowledged that the total time of the shooting in Dealey Plaza didn't exceed 5.8 seconds and that Oswald's rifle couldn't have fired more than three shots in that time. That meant, for the single-assassin story to be true, all of Kennedy's non-fatal wounds as well as all of the wounds suffered by his limousine seat-mate, Texas Governor John Connally, had to have been caused by a single bullet. Thus was born the story of the legendary "Magic Bullet" or "Bullet 399" (the bullet's official exhibit number).

We are asked by the commission to believe that this bullet entered Kennedy's back at a downward angle and exited from his neck at an upward angle. It then turned around and went down into Connally's back. Next it exited Connally's chest and entered his wrist where it shattered some bones and left a metal residue before continuing on to strike his thigh.

This "magic bullet" was not found in the operating room at Parkland Hospital as one might have expected. It turned up mysteriously on a stretcher in one of the hospital's public hallways -- and it was in near pristine condition despite having supposedly caused seven wounds and left several tiny particles of metal in Governor Connally's wrist.

And most amazing of all was the fact that even though the bullet left three grains of metal in Connally's left wrist, that metal wasn't missing from the bullet found at Parkland Hospital. Somehow this remarkable bullet had left these tiny particles of metal in Connally's body but had magically regained the lost metal by the time it turned up in the hospital corridor. It should also be noted that when the Warren Commission arranged for three of the top marksmen in the United States to test-fire Oswald's rifle, not one of them could duplicate the feat Oswald had supposedly accomplished even though these marksmen fired at a stationary rather than a moving target and the defective sight on Oswald's rifle was repaired before the tests were carried out. Of 18 test shots fired by these expert marksmen, not a single bullet struck the head or neck of the target representing Kennedy.

At this point we really have to give our heads a shake and remind ourselves this is not the plot of some cheap pulp-fiction novel. This is the official evidence in the case of the murder of the thirty-fourth president of the United States.

Full details about the "magic bullet" and "magic rifle" can be found in a number of books, including *The Bastard Bullet* by Ray Marcus and *Rush to Judgment* by Mark Lane.

One of the best inside accounts of what actually happened in Dealey Plaza and how the police did everything possible to cover up the crime instead of trying to solve it can be found in *When They Kill a President* by Roger Dean Craig who was a Deputy Sheriff in Dallas at the time and was one of the officers who questioned Lee Harvey Oswald after his arrest.

For many years following the assassination Craig fought doggedly to try to reveal the truth about the JFK murder, but for his pains he was fired from his job in Dallas, blacklisted so he couldn't find other employment and relentlessly harassed by the authorities right up to his death in 1979. Roger Dean Craig was one of the rarest species that could be found in Dallas in 1963: a brave and honest police officer. His book is well worth reading. *cont'd on pg 6*

And another very honourable man who should not be forgotten is Dr. Cyril Wecht, who was widely regarded at that time as one of America's foremost forensic pathologists. He emphatically rejected the "magic bullet" story, declaring bluntly: "The so-called single-bullet theory is so absurd that I can't understand how anyone could possibly believe it".

Despite being viciously attacked for years by lapdog journalists and academics in the U.S. establishment, Wecht refused to be silenced. "The truth about this matter," he said, "is just too important to be ignored. The conspiratorial murders of these great leaders (John Kennedy, Bobby Kennedy and Dr. Martin Luther King) undoubtedly altered the destiny and shaped the history of the world". Wecht later wrote an excellent book, Cause of Death.

It is also important to note that, to his credit, Governor John Connally consistently stated from the day of the assassination right up to his death in 1993 that he didn't believe he and President Kennedy were hit by the same bullet.

- ***One of the most stunning and horrifying things we have learned over the past 50 years about what happened in Dallas on November 22nd, 1963, is that some of the very people responsible for guarding John Kennedy not only failed to protect him but helped make it easier for him to be killed. A number of key figures in the U.S. Secret Service hated Kennedy with such a passion that they didn't take even the most basic security precautions in Dallas, and JFK was set up as a sitting duck for the team of assassins in Dealey Plaza.***

During a trip to Chicago shortly after he became president, John Kennedy happened to meet a young African American Secret Service agent named Abraham Bolden and he invited him to become the first black member of the Secret Service unit attached to the White House. Bolden proudly accepted the invitation but he soon became so shocked and disillusioned by what he observed in Washington that he resigned his White House posting and returned to work in Chicago.

According to Bolden, the Secret Service agents in Washington not only showed no commitment to protecting Kennedy, they were very hostile and contemptuous toward him. Many of these agents, Bolden says, were blatantly racist and some even openly joked that if anyone ever fired a bullet at Kennedy, they wouldn't try to get in the way.

When John Kennedy was murdered in Dallas, Bolden was appalled, but not really surprised to learn that practically no security measures had been taken to protect Kennedy.

Even though there were many obviously ideal locations for snipers in Dealey Plaza (especially the tall buildings along Houston Street and the bushes shrouding the top of the grassy knoll on Elm Street), none of these spots were checked and secured by the Secret Service or FBI.

And even more mind-boggling was what happened in the motorcade. Just before the motorcade left the Dallas airport en route to Dealey Plaza, Secret Service Agent William Lawton, who had planned to ride on the back bumper of the presidential limousine as he usually did to protect JFK, was ordered by his superiors not to do so on this occasion.

Similarly, the four motorcycle patrol officers, who normally rode alongside the presidential limousine in motorcades, were instructed to drop back in Dealey Plaza and keep behind the presidential limousine at all

times. This had the effect of giving the gunman on the grassy knoll a clear unobstructed shot at Kennedy.

But most shocking of all was the way the driver of the presidential limousine, Secret Service Agent William Greer, reacted when the shots were fired. Instead of immediately accelerating and racing away from the scene as he was supposed to do, Greer slowed the limousine down to a crawl. This had the effect of providing the sniper on the knoll with an easy, almost stationary target.

Greer was never able to give a plausible reason why he slowed down the limousine during the shooting in violation of the basic security procedure, which was to immediately speed away from the scene in the event of an assassination attempt.

Even the notoriously corrupt and often intoxicated Dallas police chief Jesse Curry said he couldn't understand why the Secret Service and FBI were so lax with security for the JFK motorcade. In his book, JFK Assassination File, Curry says he thought it was especially strange that Secret Service officials in Washington told him before the Kennedy visit that no help with security was needed from the Dallas police because adequate arrangements had already been made.

Astonishingly, not only were none of the Secret Service or FBI agents fired or even reprimanded for their failure to protect Kennedy but a number of them, including limousine driver William Greer, were promoted to better, higher paying positions in the public and private sectors.

When the Warren Commission was set up to probe the JFK murder, Abraham Bolden felt it was his responsibility, as an ex-Secret Service agent, to tell the commission about the problems he had encountered in the Secret Service, so he decided to make a trip from his home in Chicago to Washington, D.C.

But Bolden never got to talk with the commission members. Instead he was immediately arrested on what were clearly trumped-up charges of having supposedly solicited bribes while investigating a counterfeiting ring. Shockingly, Bolden was convicted and spent three and a half years in jail even though the man who had accused him of this "crime", Joseph Spagnoli, later confessed he had committed perjury in his statements about Bolden.

Today, at 78, Bolden continues the long, lonely struggle he has waged for the last fifty years to clear his name and help reveal the truth about the murder of John Kennedy. Unfortunately, he has received almost no help even from supposedly progressive politicians, journalists and academics in the U.S. These pseudo-liberals have maintained a cowardly silence, fearing any association with Bolden might put their careers -- and possibly even their lives -- in jeopardy.

Anyone who wishes to learn about a truly amazing African American from Chicago should forget about that phony baloney in the White House and instead read Abraham Bolden's riveting memoir, The Echo from Dealey Plaza.

And for another very good account of the shocking role that the Secret Service played in the events of November 22nd, 1963, see Vincent Michael Palamara's book, Survivor's Guilt: The Secret Service and the Failure to Protect the President.

- ***One point that is essential to know in order to understand what really happened in Dallas on November 22nd, 1963, is that,***

contrary to the official story that Lee Harvey Oswald was a left-winger who sympathized with the Communist governments of Russia and Cuba, Oswald was actually a right-winger who served as a low-level undercover agent for the U.S. Marine Corps and later for both the FBI and the CIA.

Less than an hour after John Kennedy was murdered, a massive disinformation campaign was launched to try to convince the world that the alleged assassin, Lee Harvey Oswald, was a subversive young left-wing loner who was a passionate supporter of the Soviet Union and Fidel Castro's communist regime in Cuba. Actually, however, he was nothing of the kind.

Over the years a mountain of incontrovertible evidence has been amassed showing Oswald was really a rather fuzzy-minded right-wing American patriot who had been employed by both the FBI and the CIA as a minor informer working in New Orleans and the Dallas-Fort Worth area.

In 1974, for example, researcher Harold Weisberg unearthed a bombshell document showing that Texas Attorney-General Waggoner Carr had secretly informed the Warren Commission's chief counsel J. Lee Rankin that Oswald had been employed by the FBI as an undercover agent from September, 1962 up to the time of the assassination.

And in 1975 FBI special agent James P. Hosty publicly admitted he had a letter written by Oswald in his possession in 1963 showing Oswald had a cozy relationship with the Dallas FBI office, but Hosty said that after the JFK murder he flushed Oswald's letter down the toilet!

While Oswald had supposedly defected to the Soviet Union while he was serving with the U.S. Marines, we now know that so-called "defection" was staged to provide him with a cover story for his intelligence work.

Lee Harvey Oswald was clearly the ideal candidate to serve as the unwitting patsy in the JFK assassination since it was fairly easy to "sell" him to the ever-gullible American public and news media as a left-wing extremist, especially amid all of the anti-communist hysteria of the early 1960s.

During the time Oswald spent in Dallas and New Orleans prior to the assassination, he was carefully controlled and manipulated by a number of FBI and CIA handlers, including a shadowy woman named Ruth Paine, who played a key role by arranging for Oswald to be hired in the mailroom of the Texas School Book Depository shortly before the assassination as part of the process of setting Oswald up to be the fall guy for the murder.

But Oswald's principal CIA handler in Dallas was one of the most fascinating figures in the entire JFK-murder drama: a highly intelligent but enigmatic White Russian by the name of George de Mohrenshildt, who displayed a kind of satanic brilliance as he wheeled and dealled in the cloak-and-dagger world of spies and lies.

Undoubtedly de Mohrenshildt knew a great deal about why Kennedy had been marked for death and who killed him, so it was not really surprising that de Mohrenshildt died under mysterious circumstances. Officially, he committed suicide with a shotgun on March 29th, 1977, just a few hours before he was due to be questioned by a representative of the House Select Committee on Assassinations, but to this day it is widely believed he was murdered.

Over the years many well-documented books have been written about the intriguing story of Oswald's links to the FBI and CIA, including: Oswald and the CIA by John M. Newman, Whitewash IV: Top Secret JFK Assassination Transcript by Harold Weisberg, No More Silence by Larry Sneed, Plausible Denial: Was the CIA Involved in the Assassination of JFK? by Mark Lane, Oswald's Closest Friend: The George de Mohrenshildt Story by Bruce Campbell Adamson and Lee Harvey Oswald: CIA and Mexico City by Dan Hardway and Edwin Lopez. One of the books that is especially worth looking at is The CIA and the Cult of Intelligence by Victor Marchetti, who worked for many years as a top-level CIA official.

- ***Another key fact that must be known to fully understand the JFK assassination story is that there was, in a sense, more than one Lee Harvey Oswald -- that is those who plotted the assassination of Kennedy used look-alike "Oswald doubles" on a number of occasions to help them carry out the murder and frame Oswald as the assassin.***

Lee Harvey Oswald was a patsy with a "split personality" -- in fact it was so "split" that he was able to be in several different places at the same time. Actually, of course, the FBI and CIA used a number of Oswald impersonators leading up to the assassination and on the day of the murder to set up the real Oswald as the fall guy for the crime.

In the days just before the assassination, for example, at times when the real Oswald was known to be elsewhere, a man resembling him made several visits to a firing range at Irving, near Dallas, and drew as much attention to himself as possible by shooting at other people's targets and loudly proclaiming his name was "Oswald".

And another "false Oswald" visited a car dealership in Dallas where he looked at expensive cars and told anyone who would listen his name was "Oswald" and he expected to be receiving a lot of money soon from a project he was involved in.

"Oswald doubles" were also spotted in Dallas several times on the day of the murder. For example, shortly after the real Oswald was arrested at the Texas Theatre and taken out of the building through the front door, a shopkeeper named Bernard Haire, whose store was just two doors from the theatre, saw "a guy who looked a lot like Oswald" coming out the back door of the theatre.

And, in one of the most bizarre of all the strange events that occurred in Dallas on November 22nd, 1963, a very credible witness, U.S. Air Force Sergeant Robert G. Vinson, described in great detail how he observed a man closely resembling Oswald fly out of Dallas aboard a small CIA plane a few hours after the assassination.

Unfortunately, these "false Oswald" shenanigans resulted in one of the saddest and most tragic travesties of justice in this whole sordid story: the imprisonment of a brave and totally innocent man named Ralph Yates in a Texas psychiatric institution for more than a decade.

Yates, a Dallas mechanic, had a chance encounter with one of the "Oswald doubles" two days before JFK was killed, and after the assassination Yates was so persistent in talking publicly about this issue that the authorities became alarmed that the whole "false Oswald" operation might be exposed. Consequently, the authorities arranged, under totally false pretences, to have Yates committed to a mental hospital where he

was given heavy doses of such powerful drugs as thorazine and stelazine and was reduced to little more than a mindless zombie. He was kept in the institution for 11 years until his death in 1974.

Shockingly, the use of psychiatric hospitals as political prisons obviously wasn't something that happened only in Adolf Hitler's Germany or Joseph Stalin's Russia -- it also happened in Lyndon Johnson's Texas.

To his great credit, Ralph Yates refused to lie about what he had seen even when the authorities offered to release him if he did so. And, to her great credit, Yates's wonderful wife Dorothy remained loyal to her husband throughout his long ordeal and tried to bring this horrific injustice to the public's attention -- but, not surprisingly, the cowardly sheep in the mainstream media turned a deaf ear to all of her pleas.

One of the most important lessons one can learn from studying history is that those who seem at first to be the most "ordinary" people often turn out to be the most extraordinary people -- and Ralph and Dorothy Yates were truly extraordinary people.

Nonetheless, in the brutal world of *realpolitik* it cannot be denied that the use of Oswald impersonators proved to be a successful tactic in carrying out the murder of John Kennedy -- so successful, in fact, that the U.S. authorities have used the impersonation technique to help them carry out a number of other frauds and deceptions over the past fifty years.

Most notably, for example, they managed to brainwash millions of people into believing that U.S. commandos killed Osama bin Laden in Abbotabad, Pakistan, in May, 2012 -- but actually the man killed in that commando raid was just one of their Osama "doubles" while the real bin Laden died of kidney failure in the mountains of southern Afghanistan in December, 2001.

For more information on the fascinating cloak-and-dagger story of how "false Oswalds" were used in the JFK assassination, see: [The Second Oswald](#) by Richard H. Popkin, Harvey and Lee: [How the CIA Framed Oswald](#) by John Armstrong, [Spy Saga: Lee Harvey Oswald and U. S. Intelligence](#) by Philip Melanson, [On the Trail of the JFK Assassins](#) by Dick Russell, [Wilderness of Mirrors](#) by David Martin, [The Last Investigation](#) by Gaeton Fonzi, [Let Justice Be Done](#) by William Davy and [Flight from Dallas: New Evidence of CIA Involvement in the Murder of President John F. Kennedy](#) by James P. Johnston and Jon Roe.

• *The official story that Lee Harvey Oswald shot and killed a Dallas police officer named J.D. Tippit in the Oak Cliff district of the city 45 minutes after President Kennedy was assassinated is totally false. The evidence clearly shows that Oswald was framed for the Tippit murder just as he was framed for the murder of Kennedy.*

Since there was, of course, no real evidence Oswald had shot Kennedy, it was very important to those who had orchestrated the assassination to be able to blame Oswald for another emotion-charged murder to reinforce their claim he was a killer. This was the reason for the so-called "Tippit Affair".

Oswald was immediately accused of the Tippit murder and the public was told that since he had supposedly killed Tippit after fleeing from the scene of the JFK murder, there could be no doubt that Oswald had

also killed Kennedy.

Unfortunately, that story was widely believed in the inflamed and hysterical aftermath of the assassination. But when one cuts through all the official flim-flam and examines the evidence, it soon becomes obvious that Oswald was not really the person who killed Tippit.

While a number of people saw the flight of the Tippit killer from a distance, only three were close enough to witness the actual shooting and to get a fairly good look at the gunman. They were a housewife named Helen Louise Markham, a truck driver named Domingo Benavides and another housewife named Acquilla Clemons.

The Warren Commission chose to accept Markham's claim that Oswald was the murderer even though her various descriptions of the gunman were wildly contradictory and despite the fact she was caught red-handed lying under oath when she denied having spoken to researcher Mark Lane on the phone but was later confronted with tape-recorded evidence of the conversation.

Markham even claimed to have talked to Tippit after he was dead, causing one of the Warren Commission's attorneys to call her "an utter screwball". Nonetheless, the commission concluded she was a "reliable witness" and based its case against Oswald for the Tippit killing almost totally on Markham's testimony.

By contrast, the commission completely ignored the testimony of Domingo Benavides even though he was the witness closest to the shooting and got by far the best look at the gunman. After examining many pictures of Oswald, Benavides said he couldn't identify the Tippit killer as Oswald.

According to Benavides, the gunman's features looked somewhat like those of Oswald but there seemed to be some significant differences. Benavides's observations appear to indicate the killer was quite likely one of the "false Oswalds" we referred to earlier in this article.

In any case, the real Oswald couldn't possibly have been at the murder scene when Tippit was killed at 1:15 p.m. because he was actually in the Texas Theatre building at that time according to a number of credible witnesses, including Julia Postal, a ticket-seller; Jack Davis, a movie patron who said he was sitting close to Oswald, and Dutch Burroughs, a concessionaire who remembered selling some popcorn to Oswald.

Astonishingly, the third witness to the Tippit shooting, Acquilla Clemons, was never questioned by the Warren Commission members or any of their staff. Possibly the reason they showed no interest at all in talking to Clemons was that she had publicly stated to some journalists and independent investigators that she didn't think Oswald was the person she saw shoot Tippit.

Although Clemons was ignored by the Warren Commission, it should be noted she was not only a very credible witness but an exceptionally courageous lady who believed it was her duty as a citizen to speak out publicly even though she says she had been warned by the Dallas police not to tell anyone what she had seen or she might be killed.

When interviewed by JFK assassination researchers, Clemons always told them she was "just an ordinary citizen and no one special". But, under the circumstances, she was another good example of an "ordinary" citizen who was really an extraordinary

citizen and someone very special.

Clemons had good reason to be concerned about her safety in view of what happened to Warren Reynolds, a car dealer who had witnessed the flight of the Tippit killer. Reynolds first told the FBI that he couldn't identify Oswald as the man he had seen running away. Two days later he was shot in the head by an unknown gunman and that bullet apparently had a remarkably positive effect on his memory since, as soon as he recovered, Reynolds told the FBI he was now able to positively identify Oswald as the man he had seen.

As for the physical evidence in the Tippit case, we've already looked at the "magic bullet" Oswald allegedly fired at John Kennedy, so it should come as no surprise by now to learn that the bullets Oswald supposedly fired at Tippit were equally "magical".

Shortly after Tippit was murdered, doctors removed four bullets from his body and turned them over to the Dallas police. But, in some mysterious way that has never been explained to this day, three of those bullets vanished and just one was passed along to the FBI and later to the Warren Commission. And that bullet was so badly deformed that it couldn't be linked ballistically to any gun owned by Oswald -- or by anyone else for that matter.

The other important physical evidence was a light-grey jacket, which was found at the murder scene and which the Warren Report flatly states belonged to Oswald. That claim, however, is absolutely untrue. No evidence has ever been produced connecting Oswald to the jacket. Moreover, a number of key witnesses, including Domingo Benavides, described the jacket worn by the Tippit killer as dark-coloured, not light-coloured.

For more details about the Tippit Affair see: [Rush to Judgment](#) by Mark Lane, [Legacy of Secrecy](#) by Lamar Waldron and Thom Hartmann, [Whitewash II](#) by Harold Weisberg and [JFK and the Unspeakable](#) by James W. Douglass.

• *Just 48 hours after the entire world had been shocked by the assassination of President Kennedy, everyone was stunned again when they watched on television as the alleged assassin Lee Harvey Oswald was shot and killed by Jack Ruby, a shady Dallas nightclub owner with close ties to both organized crime and the CIA. Even at that time most people found it difficult to believe Ruby had acted on his own initiative for patriotic reasons, and most independent researchers now believe the murder by Ruby was used by the masterminds of the JFK assassination as an emergency back-up tactic to silence Oswald after something went wrong with their original plan to have Oswald killed at the time of his arrest.*

To this day there has never been any credible explanation as to how Ruby could have carried out this murder without the complicity of the Dallas police since it occurred in the basement of the police station where Oswald was being "protected" by more than 70 police officers. Realistically, there is no other way Ruby could possibly have gained access to the building and been permitted to get close enough to Oswald to shoot him at point-blank range.

Moreover, after Oswald was shot and was bleeding profusely, the police didn't call for medical help right away but instead dragged Oswald into a nearby office and watched

while he bled to death. It is quite possible Oswald might have survived had he received immediate medical treatment.

Clearly, at the very minimum, the Dallas police were guilty of what was probably the most shocking demonstration of incompetence in the history of law enforcement.

But what did the Warren Commission say about this appalling conduct by the police? Amazingly, far from condemning it, the commission actually praised the police for "the special security measures taken to insure Oswald's safety". One shudders to think what might have happened to Oswald had the police not taken such "special security measures"!

In any case, Jack Ruby was not only well known to the Dallas police but was practically a *de facto* member of that notoriously corrupt force. A petty hoodlum originally from Chicago, Ruby had hung out for years on the fringes of the Dallas underworld. He had taken part, for example, in Mob and CIA gun-running operations into pre-Castro Cuba as well as in drug-dealing and various other nefarious activities.

Ruby had long served as a kind of "handyman" for criminal and intelligence operatives, performing a number of relatively minor tasks. But on that fateful weekend when John Kennedy was assassinated, Ruby finally got a big-time assignment.

As we've already seen, Oswald had been set up as the fall guy to be blamed for killing JFK, so the last thing those plotting the murder wanted was for Oswald to be able to talk publicly. It seems their plan was to have Oswald killed in a scuffle with police while he was being arrested at the Texas Theatre, but the person designated to kill Oswald at the theatre apparently lost his nerve or missed his cue. So Oswald remained alive and in a position to spill the beans, so to speak.

It was at that point in the drama that Jack Ruby was brought in to play an emergency role. It was apparently fairly easy to persuade the ever-willing but rather dim-witted Ruby that if he killed Oswald he would be hailed as a great patriotic hero and that any punishment he received would be quite minor.

It appears it was only after Ruby had done the deed and found himself in jail that he began to realize he had been double-crossed and he started pressing hard for an opportunity to tell his story to the Warren Commission. Not surprisingly, however, the authorities stalled as long as they could before bringing Ruby before the commission.

Finally, on June 7th, 1967 -- more than six months after the assassination -- Ruby did get a chance to speak to the commission, but the hearing was held in the Dallas Police Court Building and Ruby didn't feel he could speak freely there. Ruby therefore requested, quite reasonably, that the hearing be moved to Washington so he could freely tell everything he knew about the assassination.

Shockingly however, a visibly nervous and embarrassed-looking Chief Justice Earl Warren said there was nothing he could do to move the hearing to Washington and he rejected all of Ruby's impassioned pleas for a change of venue. This exchange between Jack Ruby and Earl Warren was one of the most mindboggling spectacles in American judicial history: a petty criminal and murderer scolding the Chief Justice of the United States and telling him, quite rightly, that he had a responsibility to carry out his duties properly.

continued on page 8

Nonetheless, even after being stymied by Warren, the incredibly naive Ruby still believed he would eventually get an opportunity to speak publicly about the assassination. At the trial in March, 1964, where he was formally convicted of murdering Oswald, Ruby had been promised there would be an appeal and another trial at which he would finally get a chance to tell his full story.

But before that appeal case could be heard, the 55-year-old Ruby died on January 3rd, 1967, ostensibly from pneumonia and cancer. Over the years there has been much controversy about whether Ruby's death was merely a happy coincidence for the authorities or was possibly induced by injecting him with live cancer cells or using some other kind of medical skullduggery. But regardless of how he died, Ruby, like Oswald, never got the chance he wanted to tell everyone publicly what he knew about the JFK assassination.

One of the journalists who covered the Ruby trial was Dorothy Kilgallen, who at that time was one of America's best-known and most popular syndicated columnists and also a prominent television personality. She was keenly interested in the JFK assassination controversy and had written many columns on the topic.

Kilgallen scored a great journalistic coup when the presiding judge at the Ruby trial allowed her to speak with Ruby privately for a few minutes -- making her the only "outside" person who ever talked in private with Ruby between the time he shot Oswald and his own death in 1967.

In early November, 1965, Kilgallen told a number of friends including her closest confidante, Mrs. Earl Smith, that she was soon going to "break the JFK case wide open". Another friend, Carmen Gibbia, said Kilgallen declared ironically: "If it's the last thing I do, I'm going to break this case."

But she never got an opportunity to do that. On November 8th, 1965, the 52-year old Kilgallen, who appeared to be in good health, was found dead in her New York City apartment.

Although it was officially ruled that Kilgallen had died of an accidental drug overdose, it was widely believed she had actually been murdered. Those suspicions were strengthened by the fact that just two days after Kilgallen died, her long-time confidante Mrs. Earl Smith was also found dead. Officially Smith died of natural causes, but no autopsy was ever performed.

In their new book, Hit List, Richard Belzer and David Wayne devote 16 pages to explaining in detail why they are convinced "Dorothy Kilgallen was murdered and the death scene in her apartment was staged to try to make it look like a drug overdose had occurred".

In one of the last columns she wrote before her death, Dorothy Kilgallen said, with an eerie prescience, she hoped that if anything ever happened to her, other journalists would continue her work trying to discover the truth about the JFK murder.

Hardly any other mainstream U.S. journalists, however, had anywhere near as much courage and integrity as Kilgallen -- but one who did was a very brave broadcast journalist in Oklahoma named Lou Staples. In the mid-1970s Staples followed in Kilgallen's footsteps and rocked the U.S. establishment with a series of explosive radio programs exposing the

Kennedy assassination cover-up.

Unfortunately however, Staples suffered a fate similar to that of Kilgallen. When his programs started attracting widespread attention even beyond the borders of Oklahoma, the authorities became increasingly alarmed -- and on May 13th, 1977, Staples was found dead from a gunshot wound to the head at Yukon, Oklahoma. Though it was officially called a suicide, practically no one believed it really was.

For more details about the story of Jack Ruby and how he was used as one of the pawns in the ghastly chess game played in Dallas fifty years ago, see: Ruby Cover-Up by Seth Kantor, Kilgallen by Lee Israel, Deep Politics and the Death of JFK by Peter Dale Scott, Final Judgment by Michael Collins Piper, No More Silence by Larry Sneed and The Ruby-Oswald Affair by Alan Adelson.

- *Our look at how the JFK murder was carried out and covered up would not be complete without mentioning one of the most shocking of all of the facts that have come to light over the past fifty years: We now know that those who plotted to kill Kennedy originally planned for the assassination to take place in Chicago on November 2nd, 1963 -- twenty days before it actually occurred in Dallas. Had Kennedy been murdered in Chicago, none of us would have ever heard of Lee Harvey Oswald since a different patsy, a man named Thomas Arthur Vallee, had been carefully set up so that he could be presented to the world as "the lone isolated nut" who had killed Kennedy in Chicago.*

Instead of being murdered by three gunmen in Dallas on November 22nd, 1963, John Kennedy might well have been killed instead by four gunmen in Chicago twenty days earlier had it not been for a strange stroke of fate that occurred on November 2nd, 1963, when there was a bloody coup in South Vietnam and Kennedy cancelled his trip to Chicago at the last minute so he could remain in Washington to deal with the crisis in Saigon.

As we will see in more detail in next month's *Street Newz*, JFK had secretly decided to carry out a staged withdrawal of U.S. forces from Vietnam and those plans were obviously going to be seriously affected by the assassination of South Vietnam's President Ngo Dinh Diem.

But the murder of Diem also disrupted the plans of the cabal plotting to kill Kennedy since it could no longer proceed with the elaborate plan it had worked out to have JFK assassinated by four gunmen that Saturday morning while he travelled in a motorcade from Chicago's O'Hare Airport to a college football game at Soldier Field, at which Kennedy had been scheduled to be the guest of honour.

As part of the Chicago plot, a very ordinary-looking fellow named Thomas Arthur Vallee had been carefully groomed and manipulated by a group of CIA and FBI handlers to serve as the unwitting patsy. As with Lee Harvey Oswald, the designated patsy in Dallas, Vallee had been placed in a job in a warehouse along the motorcade route in Chicago and "evidence" was to be planted so he could be immediately proclaimed "the lone isolated nut" who had shot JFK.

Vallee was eerily similar to Oswald. Both were ex-Marines who liked to fool around with guns and who had low-level connections to the CIA and FBI. And, like Oswald, Vallee could be easily tricked and manipulated into doing whatever his

handlers told him to do.

After the assassination in Dallas, however, when Vallee's unwitting services were no longer required by his masters, he was abandoned and he drifted about, a sad and lonely man, for almost a quarter of a century until he died of cancer on March 26th, 1988, seemingly never fully understanding how he had been manipulated by powerful and sinister forces or how close he had come to going down in history, albeit totally unfairly, as the man who had killed JFK.

But Vallee's sister, Mary Vallee-Portillo, a very bright and perceptive woman, did understand how her brother had been manipulated and she told a number of researchers how horrified she was when she realized he had been set up as the potential fall guy in a plot to murder the president of the United States.

Thomas Arthur Vallee was, indeed, one of the pawns in a giant deadly game of chess -- but ultimately the chess players made their move using the Lee Harvey Oswald pawn rather than the Thomas Arthur Vallee pawn when Kennedy was killed in Dallas instead of Chicago.

More information about the fascinating story of the aborted plans to kill JFK in Chicago can be found in a number of books, including JFK and the Unspeakable by James W. Douglass, Legacy of Secrecy by Lamar Waldron and Thom Hartmann and The Echo from Dealey Plaza by Abraham Bolden.

- *Unfortunately, if one wishes to discover the truth about what happened in Dallas on November 22nd, 1963, the last place one should look is the official Warren Commission Report on the assassination. That report, released in October, 1964, is now regarded by practically all serious independent researchers as one of history's most thoroughly discredited documents. Chief Justice Earl Warren and his six commission colleagues clearly considered their mission was not to disclose the truth about the assassination but to cover it up.*

To be fair to Chief Justice Warren, we now know he didn't want to chair the commission that was set up ostensibly to investigate the murder of John Kennedy since he was well aware its real purpose was not to discover the truth but to make sure the truth was concealed from the American public.

But after being subjected to enormous pressure from Lyndon Johnson and others in the U.S. power elite, Warren was persuaded that the country might be torn apart if people were told the truth about what had happened in Dallas. It was for that reason that he agreed, very reluctantly, to put his name to one of the most ridiculous and outrageous lies in all the annals of history.

While there have been many books over the years completely demolishing the "findings" of the Warren Commission, the most important one, Accessories After the Fact, was written way back in 1966 by Sylvia Meagher, an American researcher at UN Headquarters in New York. That brilliant work demonstrated in painstaking detail that the 26 volumes of testimony and exhibits published by the commission not only failed to support its conclusions but totally disproved them.

I was very fortunate to have a chance to meet and talk with Meagher when she visited Victoria shortly after her book was published and I was impressed both by her encyclopedic knowledge of the subject and her incisive analytical skills. Unfortunately, Meagher

died in 1989 at the relatively young age of 67 but she is still fondly remembered and respected for her invaluable pioneer research into the JFK murder.

Anyone seriously interested in studying the sad role that the Warren Commission played in U.S. history should also read the excellent book, Breach of Trust: How the Warren Commission Failed the Nation and Why, written by Gerald D. McKnight in 2005.

Very few people today still believe the Warren Commission's fairy tale about Lee Harvey Oswald. Indeed, as author Richard Belzer wryly observes: "Today polls show ninety per cent of Americans believe there was a conspiracy in the JFK murder -- and I think most of the remaining ten per cent must be people in the government or media".

In the immediate aftermath of the murder, however, many people did believe the government's official story, and that was mainly because the U.S. authorities waged one of the most massive disinformation campaigns in history to try to sell the single-assassin story to the public.

Sadly, practically all of the mainstream media as well as many prominent authors and academics actively participated, or at least acquiesced, in this shameful propaganda campaign.

Personally, I was very surprised at first to see that the *New York Times*, which I had once respected, was one of the leading members of the Warren Commission's whitewash brigade. I later discovered, however, I shouldn't have been surprised. Nor should I have ever had any respect for the *New York Times*.

We now know, from documents unearthed by the Assassination Records Review Board and from investigative journalist Carl Bernstein's bombshell exposé, "The CIA and the Media", in the October, 1977 edition of *Rolling Stone* magazine, that the *New York Times* and a number of America's other best-known publications such as *Time* and *Newsweek* have served as *de facto* public relations arms of the CIA ever since that agency was established in 1947.

Bernstein revealed that more than 400 American journalists had secretly carried out assignments for the CIA, according to documents on file at the agency's headquarters, and that the *New York Times*, CBS and *Time Inc.* had especially close connections to the CIA.

Some writers such as Gerald Posner, author of Case Closed, maintained intimate ties to the CIA for decades and made practically full-time careers out of producing assassination cover-ups. Indeed, while Sylvia Meagher's Accessories After the Fact is perhaps the best book ever written about the JFK assassination, Posner's Case Closed is perhaps the worst. This is clearly a case of the best of tomes and the worst of tomes (if you will pardon the excruciatingly bad pun).

Shockingly, even such literary luminaries as Norman Mailer participated in the government's whitewash campaign. But at least Mailer was frank about his motives. On the *60 Minutes* television program on July 13th, 1973, when interviewer Mike Wallace asked him why he had taken part in this campaign to discredit the Kennedys and cover up for the Warren Commission, Mailer pathetically replied: "Because I needed the money very badly".

Amazingly, a few writers are still producing pro-Warren Report books, inviting readers, in effect, to take a voyage on a ship that

JFK continued ...

sank decades ago. One recent example is Vincent Bugliosi's Reclaiming History. Apparently Bugliosi believes there are still enough hopelessly gullible people in the United States to justify churning out yet another whitewash.

Two excellent accounts of how so many journalists and academics have prostituted themselves over the years defending the Warren Report can be found in Peter Dale Scott's book Deep Politics and the Death of JFK and in an article entitled "The Failure of the Fourth Estate" by Lisa Pease in James Di Eugenio's book The Assassinations.

Personally, looking back at the Warren Report after half a century, there isn't really anything positive I can say about it except perhaps that the 888-page document is longer than the 571-page Kean-Zelikow Report on 9/11 and copies of the Warren Report were also less expensive. So, while both documents are totally fraudulent, if you buy a copy of the Warren Report you will at least get a lot more lies for your money.

Next month, when we continue our look at the coup that killed JFK, we will focus on the reasons for the assassination and on those who orchestrated it, and we will see how the bullets that flew in Dallas on November 22nd, 1963, resulted not just in the death of one man that day but in the deaths of more than three million people in the 12 years following the assassination.

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Photo of John F. Kennedy's motorcade in Dallas Texas (taken Nov. 22nd 1963 and printed c2004) by Victor Hugo King, who placed the photograph in the public domain. It was found online in Wikimedia Commons.



1864 - 2014

1864 - 2014 Circassian Genocide Olympics

by Sefer Berzeg

In the end of one hundred years of war period, Circassia region of the Caucasus was invaded and colonized by Russian Empire in 1864. During that period of time the inhabitants of the West Caucasus, more than one million five hundred thousand Circassians (Adige, Abkhaz and Wubikh people), were forced to leave their land in famine after all their villages and fields were burned and destroyed. They were exiled from their land to Ottoman Empire under inhumane conditions.

Sochi region, where the 2014 Winter Olympics will be held, was the center that the parliament of independent and free Circassia was gathering until 1864. After the Russian invasion it was not only the Circassians removed from their land but also all their cultural heritage and even their graves were completely destroyed brutally. Today in the state museums of Sochi there is nothing displayed related to Circassians, the autochthonous people of that land for thousands of years. The real ancient history of Sochi extends to Anatolian Hattis, famous Troy, Meot and Sind Empires is almost forgotten. The Russian written history of Sochi begins in 1830 with the victories bombardment of Russian Tsar Navy landing soldiers to the Socha village which was destroyed and renamed by Russians as Navagiski fortified territory. In the museums of Sochi you can only see the pictures of poor Russian mujicks who were brought from inner Russia then forced to settle to Circassia after the Circassian Exile and also the Cossacks who even appropriating the national clothes of the exiled inhabitants shamelessly.

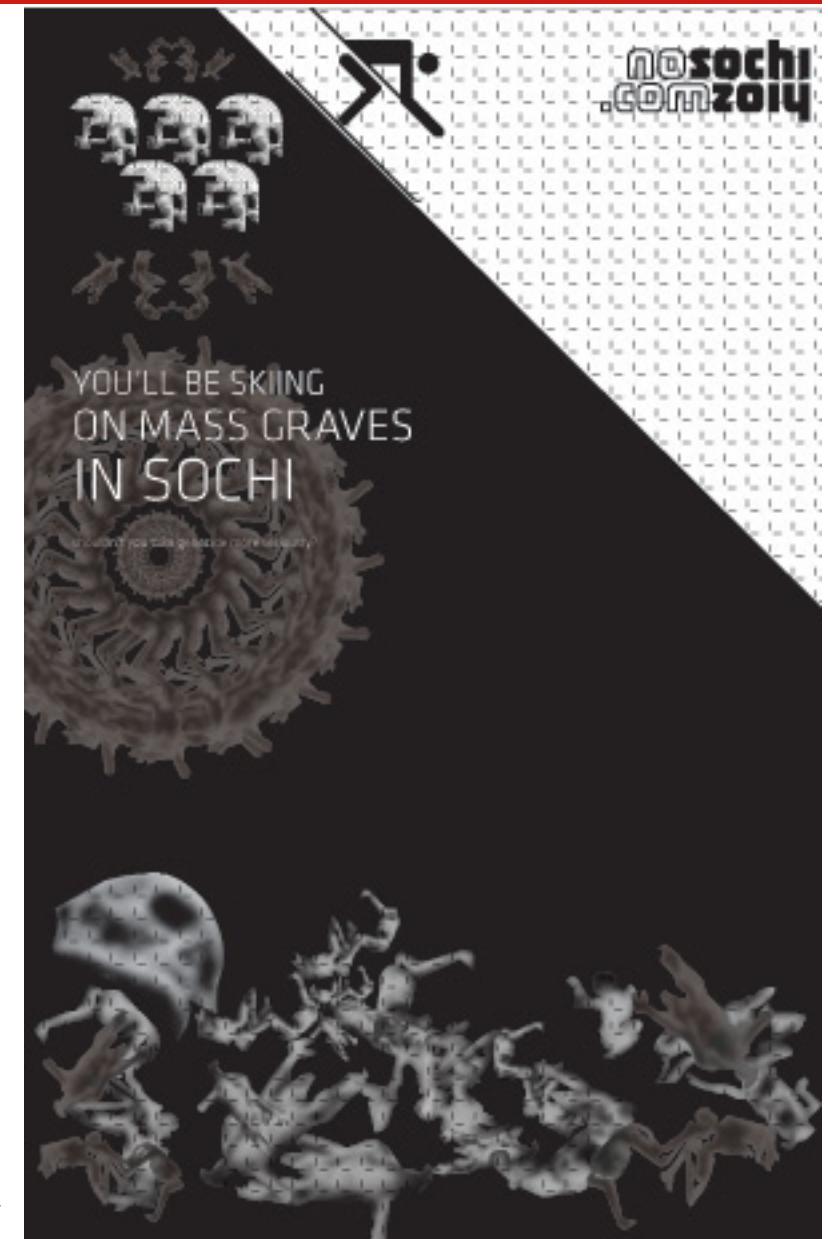
The grandchildren of the massacred and exiled native people of the 2014 winter Olympics city Sochi and the Krasnodar Kray still live in the countries they were exiled to but their faces turned towards to their homeland. There are millions of Circassians who live in the other side of Black Sea in Turkey, are longing and waiting to repatriate to their motherland. Now in destroyed Circassian villages, on the lost graves of Circassians, in Circassia, there are true strangers living there. As a result of a hundred years of iron curtain they probably don't even have any idea about the real owners of those lands. Today Circassia became Russian Riviera where the first and the foremost Mr. Putin having rest, swimming and skiing.

The Russian Federation governments are still completely blind and deaf to develop any empathy or to understand the feelings and the longings of the people of the Caucasus. Moreover the real history is distorted by the Russian state purposely. To conceal the massacre and the exile of the ninety percent of Circassians, the reality of the Circassian legendary resistance to colonial powers for more than one hundred years is obviously ignored. For that purpose producing the factitious history thesis of 450-th years voluntary joining together of Circassia's to Marx's so called prison of nations Tsarist Russia is very tragicomic and flippantly far away from the seriousness of a statehood. Today Russian Federation government appropriates funds of millions of rubles for spreading that propaganda to all over the Circassian federal republics (Adigeya, Karachai, Cherkes and Kabardino Balkaria) by official campaigns and imposing anniversary ceremonies instead of using that money to improve the conditions in those underdeveloped republics.

Even more, regardless of the fact that all the criticism and the protest of the Circassian intellectuals and organizations both in the Caucasus and in the Diaspora, hasty preparations for 2014 Sochi Winter Olympics is still pursuing heartily. The geography and the ecological structure of that beautiful and sacred part of our land are destroyed by commands of the inconsiderate Russian politicians in Moscow atrociously.

After Circassian exile in 1864 Sochi was emptied from Circassians and the Kbaada Valley was renamed as Krasnaya Polyana where the heavy construction equipments are excavating the mountains for the 2014 Sochi Winter Olympics now. On the contrary of Russian culture, Circassians are very respectful even to the death bodies of their enemies. Now the skulls and the bones of our honorable ancestors are thrown away all over the place by Russians barbarously. The planned grotesque destroying process of that one of the most beautiful parts' of the Caucasus is very meaningful for Circassians.

By all means we, the people of Caucasus, we are not surprised from the Russian behaviour. All the process is running by the commands of the new tsar of Russia, Mr. Vladimir Putin who has the blood of the thousands of children of Caucasus on his hands, from Chechenya, Daghestan, Beslan... etc. May Mr. Putin as an inheritor of General Yermalov, General Vorontsov, General Baryatinski, is not able to understand how his smart decisions cause pain for Circassians and confronting them. But the time will manifest. After the glasnost the governors of the Circassian republics in Caucasus were forced by public



to take action to built Circassian Exile monuments. Although it has been long years, there are still not any government funds received to finish that project. At that point the supreme government shows the highest effort indeed. Nobody but only them can build such an expensive and meaningful genocide monument to our land other than 2014 Sochi Winter Olympics which must have been the symbol of the friendship and the brotherhood of people. Despite Sochi is the place where the "Druja Derevo" (the tree of friendship) belongs to, there is no any native people left in that land, there is no any native people is allowed to settle there.

As the Circassians both in Caucasus and the Diaspora announced before by sending lots of protesting letters to Olympics Committee, even the idea of holding Olympics in Sochi on the soil of genocide where the hundreds of thousands of Circassian tears, moans and curse are bleeding, can not be acceptable.

2014 Sochi Winter Olympics will always be remembered only as "2014 Circassian Genocide Olympics".

Unfortunately 2014 Circassian Genocide Olympics is not only making the Olympics a tool of inane politics but it is also renewing the sorrow of Circassians in exile. Besides it also intensifies the deep and legitimate distrust on Russia for hundreds of years. It causes hate.

As the inheritor of one of the most humanist culture in the world, we, the people of the Caucasus, in spite of the past and the present, we don't want to have any kind of abhorrence towards other people including the Russians.

Still, we can not be unresponsive to the provocative actions of declining and distorting the thousands of years old real history of our people and our land. As Circassians, as grandchildren of our ancestors we have enough pride and honor to not to bear this denial.

Again, we want to urge all the Russian Federation governments and rightminded intellectuals of Russia. Please stop those provocative actions.

Stop Imperialist and GreatRussian (Velikorus) chauvinist behaviour.

As a criminal you can not pretend to be fair, you can not to powerful forever!

You are losing the Caucasus, you are losing all the people of the Caucasus!

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Kym's Notes ...

Happy To Have The Time

August 22 2013

Yesterday a sister/good friend of mine, Mary Vickers, came with me on a drive about to different first nations band offices to invite them personally to our event on Sept. 7th.

Mary is from Bella Bella Territory. It was great to have time to hang out, chat and share stories; to really laugh out loud in person. I was honored that Mary was able to take the time for us given she has experienced so much loss of late. We went to Songhees Nation, Esquimalt Nation, Tsartlip Nation, Pauquachin Nation as well as BC Aboriginal Network On Disability Society (BCANDS) and the First People's Cultural Council offices. It was an absolute pleasure. We only had three DVDs of the *Taking the Fall and Rising* video with me so; we will be mailing the rest.

The next day, which was welfare Wednesday, we went out for a "walk about." Mary joined me for leafleting on the ground for our Gathering on the Green and Speakers Corner Booth. What fun we had. What shared laughter. I have been told I am good at outreach. Well, if I am good, Mary is great. I am shy and take time to connect with folks; she welcomes folks right in with her voice and big smiling eyes. Eyes that have lived it and are still seeing so much. Yes we also smelt the seagull urine and egg stuff and it smelled no different than the day after a bar night!

We went inside Our Place with leaflets. Mary walked right in with her smiling eyes and did a walkabout leafleting as she went along. I connected right off with a fellow whom I'd met a few times and was happy to see again. We chatted and I shared a leaflet about the Gathering on the Green, chewed on a few things and said my goodbyes and then turned back and welcomed him to come our way. He declined. He was focused, as were many of us, on this one-day a month where you feel you have so much to share. We shared laughter, tobacco, drink, stories and handshakes as well as meeting new friends.

I found Silly G who is from HUU AY AHT Nation. She had a friend with her, as has been the case since the day she heard about Jessica 'JJ' Angeleen Underdown passing, as well she had just got back from her brother Andy's funeral in their home territory. Both JJ and Andy were loved by so many. May they rest in peace. Too many have had far too much loss. Together we can heal thru it. I had a short but sweet visit with Silly and she was on the move. We arranged a general meeting area a few times and, as both Mary and I have back issues, we sat a lot. We did however keep spotting her here and there. Mary potlatched a few CD's put out by Pacific Wild; we met a wonderful elder from Ahousaht named Edgar who wondered why Sean Atleo is not speaking out against the pipelines? Good question from a wise elder.

Mary also connected with a fellow in front of Our Place who is from Niska Territory. I never had the opportunity to meet or hang out with him before and I was honored to hear a bit of his story. It was a pleasure.

He is a self-defined 'more on my own kind of guy.' I thought to myself, "you're an amazing 'artist kind of guy' as well." His art was on his hoody and I quite liked it as did Mary and they will be connecting more.

We also connected with a smiley fellow from Cowichan Territory who has recently experienced a lot of loss. His life partner of 12 years passed. We shared our condolences and a lot of laughs.

Great to meet new friends and we were happy to have the time.



Kym's Notes

Rise up out of the Line Up!

August 31, 13

I was at the Gateway Office with Kim the other day. As it turns out, when you and your partner go thru a break up and community supports you through it, you must also jump thru a hoop with Hellfare!

Although I was sad for them to hear the news, I give kudos to old skool street that realizes when support is needed.

As you all know Kim was moved from the old Travellers Inn right beside Rockbay Landing aka: "Poverty Pimping aka: a system taking advantage of good people trying to put band aids on chronic health failure due to a failed health system," as well as the "Street Police State Central Office."

As you may or may not know Kim is dealing with a lot of health issues and as a result of a taxi hitting her a few years ago, she is quite disabled and Larry is one of the only peeps that she has an old skool trust with, he often rides her on his bike to her daily appointments and, since they split up during a crisis of housing they kind of had to go thru a lot of conflicts and worked out an arrangement.

At the welfare Gateway office Kim had to grab a number twice instead of being able to re enter the line and finalize what was in progress, she would wait just under three hours in total. I was able to stay and help them out, they were most grateful. While there I met two individuals with whom I shared our CTEHV and thawVictoria work, gave them each a film and came up with the title of this blog entry today.

For Kim and also Larry, thank goodness I was there and they had a good worker in the end that released their cheques to them. They had to PROVE their changed relationship. I was ready to go to bat for them as many would have but in the end we were done good by it. Sadly, the inherent abuse this system offers up daily, well, I have been writing about that for a while now.

In the end, it really IS about each of us having to get out of the line up and RISE UP. It starts from within. I believe we can start a national campaign that each province can sign onto easily, as it will be easy.

For the next year we can ask folks on the front lines of anti poverty work to go to Welfare Offices across Canada to leaflet their offices with a get out of the line up and RISE UP campaign. We can pick a date, give ourselves one year to prepare, and all Welfare recipients who are able to organize will strike on that day and demand health care for all Canadian citizens, homes for all Canadian citizens, Environmental Health for all "Canadians." We are responsible for seven generations for this land water and air.

People say, "you ask for too much, pick one of these and go for it, be reasonable." Many respond by saying "Move over and allow our vision thru!" RISE UP and get OUT OF the LINE UPS! We are all in a line up of some kind and we can all Rise Up against Big Pharma due to the rise in so called "accidental deaths" caused by side effects in the unorganized pharmaceutical users groups, Rise Up because we know work conditions have denigrated to the point where all kinds of folks are told they must fight each other to get to the so called top, Rise Up for our seniors abandoned at retirement and having to do all the work when they deserve to retire.

Rise Up Youth and Elders and fight for our futures. Dignity was lost and now is found.

kym hothead hines is a visitor on Lkwnungen and WSANEC Territories. You can view the film at vimeo.com/66911895, see more of kym's thawVictoria Advocacy Watch videos at youtube.com/user/thawVictoria, read kym's blog at thawvictoria.wordpress.com, learn more about the Committee to end Homelessness Victoria at ctehv.wordpress.com, support their work by purchasing Taking the Fall and Rising DVD through Alison at (250) 480-4854 or alisonacker@shaw.ca

I like "stuff" too, but...

by Rosie Guedes

There's nothing worse than the sight of spoilt, well-off kids, dressed down in converse, good quality 80.00 Dickies khakis, and real leather jackets; making metalhead signs, trying to look "hard core", "cool", and "roughing it." Ugh, it hurts!! It's almost more pleasant to see some Paris Hilton chick in stilettos, with a Gucci bag. That's no pretty sight either, but at least she's not hiding the fact that she's one hell of a materialistic b*tch.

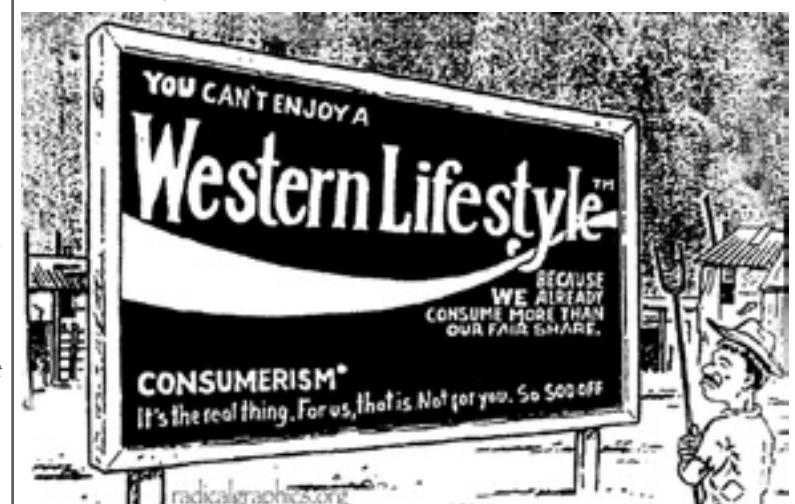
Dude, if you don't have the life experience psychologically to pass it and/or send anything invaluable out (due to never having been limited-funds enough to know what it's like, to truly do without) at LEAST get a sponsor child or something! It's 30.00 a month, like... how hard is it?? I bet it's only a small portion of the designer bag you bought on ebay. It's okay to enjoy stuff; I mean, I enjoy stuff too. Mind you, I get a lot of it free or second hand. I bought some Doc Martens a few months ago. I'd been wanting them for years; but more importantly, I needed a stylish pair of shoes that my occupational therapist actually approved of. One that would be ok for my spine, as I have developed spondylolisthesis in my spine, in order words early degeneration/arthritis features due to my ehlers-danlos.

Stupid of me really; I paid for that dearly and ended up being on a practical smoothie diet 'til next cheque. My kids still had food obviously (I'm not that stupid)... I was the one rationing. Then I got a pair of sketchers 2 weeks ago, as a birthday present to myself. I'd waited until they were 40% off. Well those are the first two "name brand" and "quality" shoes I have ever bought for myself; ever! I have a closet full of shoes, built on years. They're all free and lucky-score comfy, or cheap and too crappy, therefore painful to wear for anything longer than a 2 hour fun-fashion-dressup reason. With my chronic pain stuff, I was getting sick of walking around in crappy shoes; but I'm good now, I won't need any more shoes forever! ;)

So yeah, I like stuff too. I love to self-express with fashion. It's art to me, but I'm like a clever garbage collector, cause it's like recycling anyways. I've also just hung onto everything I bought when I was working at clothing stores (already cheap base level) and got a good discount. I'm not ashamed of being a "free clothes" collector. I have no sense of this apparent hierarchy of "I bought this new and it's designer, and that's superior to your getting that second hand/cheap/for free" I don't get that :s I'm all for recycling! Collecting and "having" stuff is fun; but not when that "stuff" makes us forget that we have legs, and arms, and eyes, and brains...and hearts.

Shouldn't we use those things to umm "notice" that the distribution of wealth is grossly uneven? Those who CAN contribute to changing this, those who do have some extra to give out; seem totally desensitized. These things don't even OCCUR to them!! Some of these people have the potential to be really good people...and that just disheartens me to the core. Their second capital remains prioritized to chronic shopping and other gaudy-kitschy endeavours...as well as countless things they're brainwashed into thinking "they need." Subsequently, they waste money on a regular basis, to an inflated overhead; and that's a whole other blog FYI! *Sighs*...What the hell? What's wrong with this world? What a selfishly-indoctrinated world we live in....Wake up: you sadly minion-ized middle classers. WHEN will you wake up??

Rosie is a freelance writer, blogger and poet, music and creative artist, mama to two handsome little boys, married to a wonderful and intelligent man. She's also a passionate advocate for autism spectrum conditions, and an activist for social justice, various chronic mental and physical health challenges, healthcare and social system reform, environmental sustainability, and better quality food supply. Visit Rosie at agirloutsidethebox.com



Orion Spiral Arm

Money, money, money . . . we live in a world of money. If you got it, you're a somebody. But nobody loves ya if you don't. However, a man with the name of our celestial neighbourhood talked to me on the phone the other day, about a different world in the making (well, for 15 years now, anyway). A world without money. Let me do it again: a world without money.

We had a bit of a misunderstanding to begin with. I mentioned that city centre in our Milky Way galaxy was far away from our local neighbourhood of Orion Spiral Arm. It was like the difference between a boondocks town in remote Cape Breton with downtown Halifax. He resisted. "Orion is a different galaxy altogether. We are located in the Milky Way galaxy!"

"Of course," I replied. "But we are in the rural outback of the Milky Way. Orion Spiral Arm."

So here in Orion Spiral Arm we cannot escape the fact that we live in a world of money. Yet I shall endeavour to describe an alternative to this world, actually one of many, with the help of the young man with the name of Orion, from Portland, Maine, USA. More on this later ...

We live, unfortunately, regardless of how you feel about the theoretical egalitarian nature of our society, about voting, about our supposed representative democracy, in a world run by fat cat lobbyists, connected insiders, corrupt government officials and greedy corporate types, all of whom are compelled by profit and not the needs nor the desires of the people.

These players, or insiders hold a lot of power to support and protest their way of life, which is rife with scams and intrigues. They own the cops, they ultimately own the military. The rest of us, that is the 99% of us can go pound sand, as my friend Angie likes to say. And these profiteers are heartless.

They'll strip mine whatever is valuable, from coal to blood diamonds. They'll "Drill baby drill!" no matter at what environmental or health cost, on fragile land or wherever they please. They'll continue destroying the oceans, using them as one big garbage dump, if not worse. They'll clearcut the rainforests, and construct shaky nuclear power plants at the wrong place and at the wrong time, in many cases, and all this without a care for the planet or for people. So this is why I have been consistently raising the power question, for many of these 13 years I have been writing for *Street Feat*. But I insist upon the mass movement power strategy of nonviolent, noncooperative, progressive, peaceful civil disobedience. Only by a mass movement of nonviolent power can we face down this naked, obscenity, this barbaric, savage exercise of brutish power, which is taking us all to the brink.

And the situation is getting worse. These thugs see the public purse of each of the western democracies, in Europe and Canada and the USA as their private piggy bank. A banker with a soul explained to me how they hijack the treasuries of these countries. This gentleman was a power player in one of the major downtown Halifax banks. A lot of what he told me went over my head, what with selling short tactics, and credit default sway strategies, but the gist of the message was clear.

These insiders engineer bank failures, like in Greece, and elsewhere. They have found lucrative corridors into the vaults of taxpayers in these countries, which for all intents and purposes, fund the health education and welfare needs of their citizens. You see how the concept of "austerity" has crept into media reports in Greece, Canada, and elsewhere. Less and less money for the taxpaying people, more and more money for the scammers. Meaning more and more of this money is being shifted over to pay for the bank bailouts.

by Bill Krampe

What was explained to me was that this elaborate plan of selling short on the NYSE and other Exchanges around the world, maneuvering their way to profit from bank failures by loading up on a king's ransom of bank failure insurance. Also by playing the derivatives game in the market, especially credit default derivative, among others, all of which puts downward pressure on ailing or fragile banks.

So there it is. The political and economic social order that we inhabit. Don't believe the PM or the Finance Minister. Their marching orders on the political side come from the Premier of Bavaria, a the northern province in Germany. The Premier has access to truckloads of billions of dollars to finance and, of course influence, right wing governments around the world. Shame! And on the economic world order side, we have the example and darkest of dark leadership of former governor of the state of New Jersey, Joe Corzine, one of the most "insidery" and connected people in the entire global financial industry, and as the CEO of the world's largest financial corporation, Goldman Sachs, has been instrumental in writing and rewriting the rules of derivatives, like Collateralized Debt Obligations and Credit Default Swaps, etc., all to line his pockets and those of his buddies with filthy lucre. And, of course, his influence extends to government backed bailouts, of corporations and countries for almost 30 years. Shame again!

But have faith. Orion is here to provide some relief. Perhaps an alternative to the world of scammers and cash? The other day I attended an Occupy Nova Scotia followup and debrief meeting and someone mentioned HEP (Hours Exchange Portland {Maine}). I gave them a call after looking them up on the internet, and finding their phone number. Orion briefly touched upon some relevant history of the 15 success of the HEP.

Long ago a gentleman by the name of Edgar Kahn introduced the world to the concept of time banking. This idea was also trumpeted by Richard Rockefeller (yes, that's right, a Rockefeller, from one of the wealthiest families that ever existed on planet earth!) Time banking has spread to countries around the world, like Italy, England as well as the USA, and elsewhere and its influence and popularity is steadily growing.

This idea generally helps empower people to help each other in a positive way. There are no tax issues with this kind of alternative. The IRS in the USA has said "God Bless!" and that they shall forever leave the time banking phenomenon alone. No assessments, no taxes need to be paid. Ever.

It's an interesting structure. Every hour is a time dollar. Every person's labour or contribution has the same value. From a doctor's visit to a dentist, to painting a fence to babysitting. Each is worth exactly one time dollar. All time dollars are equal.

A new member enters the HEP system by setting up a time bank account. Over the past 15 years, 750 members have joined many of whom are refugees, in a kind of way, from the rusting factories and layoffs of Portland, Maine. But many others have joined for a variety of reasons, Orion explained. Richard Rockefeller started his version of time banking to re-build an economically destroyed community, with a barn raising, and such kinds of activities. Over time people grew interested in this concept, even if they were not economically deprived. They flocked to this idea for ethical and moral reasons, and sought to get on board with this concept more to support mutual relationships between provider and receiver.

Bill Krampe worked with Street Feat newspaper in Halifax Nova Scotia, and is attempting to relocate to Victoria.

How to Successfully Negotiate with Your Inner Bag Lady

by Mark Brady

I grew up fatherless in a housing project on welfare. Here's how that place looks today: there are no signs of life, mainly broken asphalt and a random assortment of dead or dying trees. The place was so toxic, the City of New Haven decided the best course of action was to tear down all the buildings and start over. That wise decision came about 60 years too late, in my honest, but possibly biased opinion.

Nevertheless, like everywhere else on Planet Earth, housing projects are learning environments. Living in one, you learn many things, some true, others not. One thing you learn is that while there are plenty of natural resources, they are insufficient to be turned into enough money for everyone in the world to have a lot. That may be theoretically untrue – especially in an information economy – but it is clearly a current planetary reality. Another planetary reality thing you learn in a housing project is that more often than you might wish, your world and the people in it aren't 100% safe to be physically exposed to or psychologically vulnerable around. You need to pay close attention right from the womb. Not only to the dangerous people – the drunks and the bullies and the thieves – but to the copperheads and rattlesnakes, the lamprey eels, the poisonous spiders, the coyotes and feral cats as well.

Dread Risk

All these adverse early beginnings got thrown into the mix and ultimately surfaced in my brain later as something neuroscientists like to call Dread Risk. Using my own early experiences to generalize about a future world filled with high probabilities for personal misfortune is itself an unfortunate perspective. My graduate school colleague Brooke Brown had a much more graphically compelling take on such a perspective though – she identified it as part and parcel of her Inner Bag Lady.

I am proof positive that men can have Inner Bag Ladies, just like women. Men can fear ending up hungry and homeless as well as any woman. In fact, I've been both three times in my life. It was life – friends and family and kind and caring strangers in the world – who helped pull me through and helped get me back on my feet each time.

Inner Bag Lady's Lament

As a consequence of such history, I've learned some reasonably successfully ways to navigate Dread Risk and not continue ending up as my Inner Bag Lady's bitch (at least not for very long). Here are seven among a limitless universe of possibilities:

- Like the universe, the brain is extraordinarily complex, making it very difficult to predict with absolute certainty the painful tragedies that your left language hemisphere is more than happy to advise you could fall from the sky at any moment. Something actually good (especially in the form of loving, caring people) could even emerge out of that complexity, so ... don't believe what you think when it hurts.

- There's nothing that mitigates Dread like physical exercise. 50%-80% of the neurons in the brain are contained in "the little brain," the cerebellum. What's one of its primary functions? Smooth sensory motor function. Nature wouldn't devote all that neural real estate, together with all the neurons in the motor cortex at my crown chakra, for me to sit on my ass and dream up dreadful futures all day long, now would it?

- You can borrow my Main Mantra and put it to regular good use: "In THIS moment, everything's all right." Which is interesting when I consider that even when I recently almost cut my finger off, or another time when I broadsided a Chevy Nomad station wagon on my motorcycle at 40 miles an hour, everything was still all right. In fact, better than all right, since a ton of autonomic nervous system operations went into emergency mode without me having to do much of anything. Like they do every day.

4. You can often negotiate with your Inner Bag Lady in many of the same ways I've learned to Embrace My Dictator Within. Feel free to borrow any of these perspectives that might help.

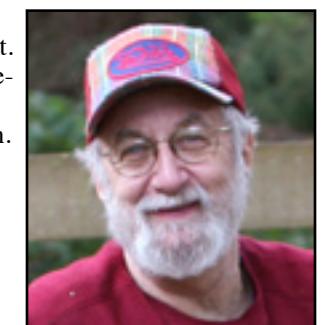
5. Scheduling time with trusted friends for a Walk-n-Talk often helps. But they have to be good friends, more than a little well-practiced in this subject – one that I've written way too many books on.

6. You can consult with a professional for help using any of these identified neurosomatic healing modalities.

- Finally, you can make skillful use of essential elements often necessary to fully integrate an overwhelming experience as identified by my friend, neurologist Bob Scaer in his new book from Norton – 8 Keys to Body-Brain Balance: attune with a safe and trusted person; engage in healing ritual; deliberately engage in empowering activities; experiment with sensory modalities that stimulate both cerebral hemispheres; engage in motor acts of completion – "triumphant actions"; repair ruptured perceptual boundaries.

There you go. It's obviously far from an exhaustive list. Feel free to devise your own creative negotiation strategies. Who knows, one day you might just happily invite your Inner Bag Lady home for a Holiday brunch.

Mark Brady, Ph.D. is a neuroscience educator, writer and retired licensed homebuilder. He helped found the Children's Grief Program in Palo Alto, California, spent 10 years at The Center for Advanced Study in the Behavioral Sciences at Stanford, and is also a prize-winning author. This article was originally published at Mark's Blog - floweringbrain.wordpress.com and is republished with permission.



I Seem A Broken Spirit

Here I sit grey and dreary on my dirty smudgy spot. The world rushes by. Lives full of purpose and intent. Busy going from here to there, no time for broken dreams and shattered lives of those who cannot cope. I catch a fleeting glance of fear or disgust in those impatient eyes as they hurry by. Sometimes pity stops and talks to me, placing a coin or two in my shaky hand. But mostly indifference to my presence, as if I were a discarded pop can on the sidewalk, of no real value or interest to them. Inside I am still a warrior longing to tell them of the many battles I have fought and won. But no one has time for such tales from a fading shadow sitting in the street. So I face my greatest battle invisible to the world. Waiting for the next moment to come rushing by. Going somewhere, anywhere, away from this broken spirit.

© The Black 9

Sea Shanty at Ocean Head

House of argument
acting like centre
cyclop
has expansive pupil.
Pity no eye
on back of head
instead
a tunnel - linked through freeway ... with
water boiling in from - kettle steaming
- whistling breezy/down footworm
pebbled steps/ to beaches of billowing
kites/ flown by bright red chests/ in linen
frayed and bleached cream shirts.

Having whale of a time. Please call. No - buzz. Key under tigger tail of freeze dried cat. Ignore staccato salt of music theme ... and the chips - clean up ... ! Water splashes cooling neck. Iceland is canning. Whales well stalked by the ocean muscle of cat pet food tin boat of misfit. Clouds reddening bleeding pink in water colour morning. Afternoon possibility gray or aqua-blue. Crane nest - bottom of tree sign indicates. Statues leaning on elbows legs stretched out on steel heeled spats dancing in arcs of blue and white sparks. The cat is away - off on a bird mission. Nostrils weezing sleeps curing under Pirelli tire.

The waves turn over like bedsprings for airing. A crow flies off with squeaking sparrow. Up close the picture is dazing. A million dots of nothing. Down the dotted line the hill there stops at castles where masted reefs climb from coral swimming pools and break off in argument. But they're crowned on the head by not listening.

See-Saw. Seashore. Sea shanty at Ocean Head.

© Paul Burnside

Industrial Street

I can smell iron Industrial Street
Where engines rattle, pound, and beat
Weeds and papers, chain-link fences
Sunset men, rotten benches
Broken bottles, all things rusty
Homeless wind's song, sounding dusty
And traffic
Grinding down a grimey day.

© R. "Stanley" Sapsford

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with the grassroots

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St.), from 7- 8:30 pm

Week 2 at Our Place Chapel, from 1:30-3:00 pm

Week 3 at Silver Threads, from 7-8:30 pm

Week 4 at Silver Threads from 7-8:30 pm

Week 5 (when there is one) at Silver
Threads, from 7-8:30 pm

Everyone is welcome!

Victoria

Welcome to Victoria! The Capital City of gardens and flowers with very occasional showers.

What a city, oh how pretty! Clean air and some people care. Birds are humming, guitars are strumming. Some people slumming, others are bumming! Not so pretty! Human filing cabinets (condos) are infesting on each block to provide upscale housing for the young and old monied lot that are nesting. People push carts, others being pompous farts, while some inject darts. Businessmen and women put their stock in hock.

While the dopers and sorry mopers are searching and selling rock, not so designer thugs selling designer drugs for the wanton lemming crowd. Not so pretty!

Homeless camping in doorways exuding loud snoreways. Officious and suspicious police diligently on the beat giving you a look that can't be too sweet. Combine all these scenarios and elements together and they make up Victoria, oh so pretty! Or maybe these elements are not so pretty and nitty-gritty! Oh me! Oh my!

Push for more affordable housing, rehabilitation, training and job programs and you will have a city oh so pretty and not nitty gritty. What a city!

© Mark Idczak 2013

We are Ghosts

by Kevin Henry



My whole life is a shadow, and this is just the truth of being a member of a family that has been through Residential Schooling: a family that has imprinted themselves from the Indian Act of Kanata (Canada), status card holders, and treaty people. The guiding principle of what colonization is supposed to mean to the Indians that we were tossed around in these systems: Residential schooling, Indian Hospitals, foster care structures, and white schooling. The preparation to understand one's culture is stolen, it's lost ... I am but a ghost.

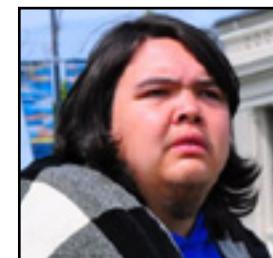
I float between two worlds, the westernized world and the Indian world, and I am attempting to find a balance between being white educated, and being Indian educated. Though I fear I may be disrespectful towards my thoughts to my Ancestors if you can consider the inconceivable notions of what Residential schooling has done to First Nations peoples: there is no understanding that forcing genocide unto a people is the right thing to do; it's the complete opposite to know that in the bible, nowhere is it written to state to kill a race of one's own culture or religion. The bible does not teach people to hate: the words teach people to love. However, everything becomes a corporation in the end, it's a disease almost.

A violent altercation of what was meant to help people soon became capitalism. A religion meant to live off the lands was soon met by the hunting and gathering in a grocery store. Barter and trade became about working 9-5 and collecting money as a status symbol in this dominated world. Though I have my freedoms to type this, and have even made this into a short film, publicizing as best as I can to share my theories of how I live and see the world, it's still a realization that my Ancestors, grandparents, much of my family as well, were not legally allocated to be an Indian, to carry a drum, to sing a song, to praise their Creator, their Lord, their God in how they saw fit.

Residential schooling has dealt damage to my family as our disconnection and our dysfunction seems to function in its own sick way and I'm not sure why but it just does: we are ghosts; we are but shadows of a time of an ancient lore of that noble Indian that wandered around as she or he so pleased because they could, because they can, because they are. The Elders today are finding their nobility once more and they are speaking, and sharing some harsh truths of what this country of Kanata has done to them. If it is one universal truth it's found in learning how we are all in pain in our own different ways, some more than others; learning the balance that we all carry a story, however, is just the truth. There is no one story that is the top story, the king story, there is no such thing. Only a story of how we have all been through such horrific events that altered our way of being that we can then unite as one. And then we can focus on the future, and the present shall be a true gift.

Kevin is a freelance journalist, writer, videographer, and photographer from Coast Salish Territories. Find him on Facebook at "Coast Salish Pride."

Photo by Janine Bandcroft, on the south side of the Burrard St. Bridge in Vancouver.



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Donations	70.00	1060.00	0.00
Subscriptions	60.00	0.00	0.00
Gifts (incl in-kind)	40.00	40.00	40.00
Co-ordinator's Contribution	97.93	9.51	21.15
Bread & Roses Donation to SNZ	800.00	800.00	800.00
Total Street Newz Revenue	1345.43	2217.01	1153.65
Street Newz Expenses			
Salaries	800.00	800.00	800.00
Paper & Printing Costs	236.25	236.25	236.25
Postage	65.43	57.26	72.40
Office expenses/website	65.00	65.00	65.00
Vendor/Writer Meetings/Support	68.75	18.50	0.00
Ttl Street Newz Expenses	1235.43	1177.01	1173.65
Street Newz	110.00	1040.00	-20.00
Bread & Roses Revenue			
Grant \$ from Vancity (THANKS!)	0.00	0.00	0.00
Total Bread & Roses Revenue	0.00	0.00	0.00
Bread & Roses Expenses			
Street Newz Donation	800.00	800.00	800.00
Ttl Bread & Roses Expenses	800.00	800.00	800.00
Bread & Roses	-800.00	-800.00	-800.00
Consolidated Ttl (SNZ + B&R)	-690.00	240.00	-620.00
Bread & Roses Bank Balance	8654.89	8196.28	7854.89

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